

IMPROVEMENT ERA



Vol. 29

No. 6

APRIL, 1926

ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD
QUORUMS, THE YOUNG MEN'S
MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIA-
TIONS AND THE SCHOOLS OF THE
CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF ~
LATTER-DAY SAINTS ~~~~~

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Not Now, O Lord, Not Now!

Not now, O Lord, not now! I wish to live
My life in this my own appointed way,
Until I come to thee to freely give
The service that will show I shall obey
The higher laws, but now I wish to say
That I have neither time nor inclination
To sacrifice my selfish self today,
To satisfy the longing for salvation
That sanctifies the soul and justifies creation.

Not now, O Lord, not now! I wish the thrill
That I shall find in doing as I please.
To curb the native freedom of the will
Is feeding poisons to a foul disease,
I wish to drain the goblet to the lees,
For life is brief and time is on the wing.
I hear the humming of the golden bees,
And birds that have their freedom, sweetly sing
About the joys of life the days of Springtime bring.

Not now, O Lord, not now! I am too young
To linger in the valley of distress.
The pleasures of the senses have been sung
By those whom fickle fortune loves to bless.
I love thee and thy kingdom none the less
Because I wish to climb the hills to find
A respite from restraint, ere I confess
Thy Spirit should be master of my mind,
To teach it how to serve the races of mankind.

Not now, O Lord, not now! I shall be glad
To come to thee and serve in later years.
It may be that when I am sick and sad,
And age has washed my eyes with blinding tears,
When I have mastered all my doubts and fears,
I shall be glad to bear the heavy cross,
But at this time the lure of life appears
And I must follow, lest I suffer loss
Of those delightful joys that youthful passions gloss.

*O foolish youth, how long will you delay
To magnify the manhood of your might!
The choicest gifts of life you throw away
For baubles that attract your sense of sight.
Could you but know the romance of the right
And what it means to grasp the iron rod,
You would be climbing to the mountain height
Above the mists that drench the valley sod,
That shows to all the world you are a child of God.*



RELIGIOUS SERVICE IN ASPEN GROVE, WASATCH MOUNTAINS, UTAH

"The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,

* * * * Ah, why,

Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
Only among the crowd, and under roofs
Our frail hands have raised?"—*Bryant.*

IMPROVEMENT ERA

Vol. XXIX

APRIL, 1926

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THE LOGIC OF THE M. I. A. SLOGAN*

BY DR. JOSEPH F. MERRILL, OF THE UNIVERSITY OF UTAH

The slogan of the Mutual Improvement Association during the current season is "*We stand for an individual testimony of the divinity of Jesus Christ.*" Many non-believers, generally, might question the practicability of this slogan. Some of them would at once say that it is impossible to get such a testimony, a sufficiently good reason being, they would assert, that Jesus was only a man, no more divine than any other man; but even if he is divine, there is no way for common mortal men individually to know this. The latter view is taken, I believe, by most Christians.

They may believe in the divinity of Christ, but to know that he is our Lord—this is quite another matter. I have attended, in years gone by, while a university student, many scores of non-"Mormon" religious services of various organizations and of various Christian denominations. Never once did I hear any speaker in any of these meetings declare that he knew personally of a surety that Jesus is in very deed the Christ.

The absence of such declarations in religious meetings was a new experience to me—a very noticeable one, too—for during my youth at home, I had heard many fervent individual testimonies of Christ's divinity borne by both men and women. So I have come to believe that this year's M. I. A. slogan is one characteristic of our Church—a mark that distinguishes it from all other churches.

The Important Question

But the important question is: Can an individual testimony be

*An address delivered from Radio Station K S L, Salt Lake City, Sunday, November 15, 1925.

Entered at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, as second class matter. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized 'on July 2, 1918, \$2 per annum.

Address Room 406, Church Office Building, Salt Lake City, Utah.

obtained; is the slogan reasonable, practicable? The denials or even scoffs of non-believers do not make the slogan unreasonable—they do not affect it one way or another. Some of our young people, however, may be affected by these denials. In a desire to help these young people, this address is given.

In the first place, who was Jesus? What did he do? All of the young people in the Church can answer these questions more or less satisfactorily. They have been taught that he lived in Palestine nearly two thousand years ago; that he was born of the Virgin Mary; that he grew to manhood, much as other boys of his time grew up; that he was baptized by John in the river Jordan, after which he devoted his time to teaching the people the gospel that in many respects was new to them; that he performed some wonderful miracles—these and many other things concerning Jesus, they have been taught. But above all these things they have been taught that Jesus is the Son of God—the Only Begotten of the Father in the flesh—that he was and is divine, our Savior; our Elder Brother in that he and we have the same Father in heaven—the Father of our spirits, born before this world was. But while the fathers of our bodies of flesh are mortal men, the Father of his earthly body is our heavenly Father. Jesus is our elder brother because he was the first born in the ancient spirit world.

Not Accepted Literally

But the learning of these things through teaching and study does not necessarily bring to the student a knowledge of Christ's divinity. Jesus claimed to be the Son of God, sent to teach the doctrines of his Father and atone for Adam's transgression. Many students of scripture and many so-called Christians do not accept these claims literally. To them Jesus was a great teacher—even infidels grant this much—the greatest of all time. His doctrines—the two great commandments, "love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind" and "love thy neighbor as thyself" (Matt. 22:37-39)—reached the highest ethical level that had ever been established. His teachings mark Jesus as a superman, God-like in his ideals. Yet, after all, he was only a mortal man, his conception and birth being no different from that of other men, they assert.

This view of the nature of Jesus seems to be rapidly gaining ground—it is the view of the modernists, and to them the M. I. A. slogan appears foolish.

But why do the modernists reject the divinity of Jesus Christ? May we not answer: It is because they do not, and apparently can not, understand what is called the immaculate conception? They do not believe in Christ's miracles, nor in his resurrection from the dead, for the same reason.

But, is this reason valid, that is, is it sufficient justification for

rejecting the divinity of Christ? I answer: No. Before the time of Columbus, people could not understand that the earth is round and so did not believe that it is round. But their lack of understanding did not change the fact. We do not understand and therefore can not explain the miracles of Jesus. But we can believe in them, just as Columbus believed in the rotundity of the earth—a belief that later became knowledge to him, and has become knowledge to myraids of people living after him.

The Main-Spring of Action

We live by faith, the main-spring of action. The merchant buys, believing that he can sell; the miner digs, believing that he will find; the farmer plants, believing that he will reap; and so it is in the complex activities of life. Time and effort change our beliefs into realities, into knowledge. But the farmer does not stay his hand because he does not and can not understand the beginning and the development of the life of his matured crops. He knows something of the conditions necessary that his growing plants shall mature; but he does not cease to work because the life of these plants is an impenetrable mystery to him and to everyone else.

No man can explain the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead. But we can believe that he rose from the dead, and be consistent as rational beings, for such is our attitude toward the things of life. For centuries the mariner has relied upon the compass to steer his ship. In the blackest nights and roughest storms his ship has sailed safely on and on because the mariner believed in his compass. But he did not and does not understand his compass. No one understands it, that is, knows what magnetism really is. And the compass functions because the earth is surrounded by a magnetic field. But the why and the wherefore of this field no one can understand; and yet we know that it exists.

We are living in the "electrical age." Electricity serves us in manifold ways. Its uses are increasing by leaps and bounds. It is an accommodating and a wonderful agent. We believe in it. We know that it exists; but in reality we do not understand it. Yet we know how to develop it, but do not understand why it is developed. How foolish it would be to deny its existence and its use because we do not know its nature.

You are hearing what I say—some of you hundreds of miles away. Yet I am speaking in an ordinary tone of voice in a small basement room in Salt Lake City. You hear by the radio method—one of the most wonderful inventions of all time. You believed in the radio method as a means of communication. Acting on this belief you bought and installed your equipment. You have come to know that speech and music and sound can be communicated by means of it. But do you understand this method? Do you know

all about it? Are you able really to explain it? Do not hesitate to say, No. There is no man living who knows all about the radio.

But let us leave for a moment these mysterious applications of imperfect scientific knowledge to refer to more common things—the things about us all the time. We see and feel and handle objects found in our material world that are composed of a relatively small number of elements—about seventy-five. The ultimate unit of these elements and, therefore, the unit of structure making up substances is the atom.

The Mystery of Matter

Thirty years ago the chemist told us the atom was an inconceivably small, indivisible unit, without parts, made—no one knew how. But today he tells us something more about the atom. It is, he now tells us, a very complex particle, the atoms of many elements being more complex in structure than a piano. Its structure is analogous to that of our solar system—a central sun with planets revolving around it. The atom has its nucleus with revolving attendants, the distances between which are relatively comparable to interplanetary distances in our solar system. And so the chemist can go on telling much about the composition and structure of substances, of matter.

But he can not tell us what matter is. One of the main subjects of discussion at the recent meeting in Los Angeles of the American Chemical Society was announced as the "Mystery of Matter." To this subject some of the foremost scientists of the world addressed themselves.

I have referred to these uncertainties in the field of science to show that the field of religion is not the only one where we face the unexplainable. In fact, the more science advances the more we are shown that we live in a wonderful world of mystery. Whether we use the telescope, the microscope, the test tube or any other instrument or means of investigation, we find in every case, in every direction, what we do not understand and can not explain. However, we do find order, beauty and infinite wisdom displayed throughout all the works of creation.

The Path of Progress

The scientist must live and walk and work by faith, for otherwise he does not progress. He learns many facts, unexplainable to him though many of them are. Does it not appear plain that the path of progress of the scientist is characterized by the same features as characterize the path of the successful religionist? Faith is an essential quality of the scientist as well as of the Christian. Both are faced with many facts that they can not explain. But because of this no one could, in reason, expect the scientist to give up

his work. Why should a Christian be expected to give up his faith when faced by things he can not explain or does not understand?

We can not explain the phenomenon of the resurrection. The body may be consigned to the tomb and the earthly elements of which it is composed may return to mother earth in the form of ashes, or the body may be devoured by a wild beast, or scattered to the four winds by an explosion. How is this body brought back to form again and made animate with the spirit that once tabernacled in it? No Christian can answer this question. Still the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints teaches the doctrine of a literal, physical resurrection; and its devotees accept the doctrine, crude though many professing teachers of the gospel call it. Christ taught this doctrine; and he rose from the dead, the first fruits of the resurrection.

But right here we come to the disputed question. Those who characterize as "crude" the doctrine of a literal resurrection deny that the body of Jesus, which was laid in a sepulchre, was brought back to life, became in reality the physical tabernacle of his spirit, ascended to heaven and is still his physical body. Why this denial? Is it not simply because they who deny can not understand and explain the phenomenon?

An Attested Fact

Yet, was not the resurrection of Jesus a fact? Are not thousands of less attested events of ancient history accepted as facts in the world today? The men and women who testified of his resurrection were trustworthy. If any two equally trustworthy witnesses declare in a modern court of justice that they saw the murderer commit his foul crime, he is convicted, and all the world accepts the conviction and names the accused as the criminal. Consistency requires us to accept as reality the resurrection of Jesus, a miracle though it may be. To believe is the reasonable, to disbelieve the illogical thing to do in this case. And too much stress can not be placed upon this view. The body of our Lord Jesus Christ actually rose from the dead—ample court evidence was recorded on this point. And Christ now lives in the same body that rose from the sepulchre, and in which he ascended into heaven in those apostolic days nearly two thousands years ago.

And now to the question: Is this a matter of faith only, or with some is it a matter of knowledge; and is it possible for men and women now living to get this knowledge? Of course, it will at once be granted that if Christ rose from the dead and ascended to heaven, as Luke and other New Testament writers said he did (Luke 24:51), then he is divine. Conversely, if he now lives and reigns in the manner ascribed to him by the doctrines of the Church, then he rose from the dead and is divine. Also if he appeared to the boy Joseph Smith as the latter declared, and if Joseph Smith was a true

prophet, then the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints—the “Mormon” Church so-called—was divinely established, and the gospel as taught by this Church is in very deed the gospel of Jesus Christ. So that it logically follows that if an individual knows that the doctrines of the Church are Christ’s gospel, and that the Church is directed by the inspiration of Jesus Christ through the Holy Spirit, then Jesus Christ still lives and is divine.

Individual Testimony

Then the important question is: Can an individual get this testimony, and if so, how? Thousands of reputable men and women—individuals whose sworn testimony would be accepted in any judicial court in the land—have declared and do declare from time to time that they know of a surety that Christ lives and that this is his Church. How did they get this knowledge?

Let us read Christ’s words to Peter as recorded in Matthew, sixteenth chapter, thirteenth to seventeenth verses. Speaking to his disciples he asked:

“Whom do men say that I, the Son of man, am?”

“And they said, Some say that thou art John the Baptist: some, Elias; and others, Jeremias, or one of the prophets.

“He saith unto them, But whom say ye that I am?”

“And Simon Peter answered and said, Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God.

“And Jesus answered and said unto him, Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jona: for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven.”

It was, then, through divine revelation that Peter learned who Christ was. And it is through these same means that men and women in the past and in the present have obtained and may obtain a testimony of the divinity of Jesus Christ. It is by this means and this means only that the members of the Mutual Improvement Associations may get the priceless knowledge that the gospel is the plan of life and salvation, obedience to which will bring them eternal and exalted lives in the kingdom of God.

And the way to get this knowledge has been plainly indicated by Jesus himself. Speaking to the Jews in the temple, on one occasion, he told them, as recorded in John, seventh chapter, sixteenth and seventeenth verses: “My doctrine is not mine, but his that sent me. If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself.”

This same promise is preached today at home and abroad by the elders of the Church, and thousands of these elders and women, too, in the mission fields and in the meeting houses of the Saints in the organized wards of the Church, have fervently testified in our own day and time that they know, as Peter knew, that Jesus is the Christ, and that this is his Church. This knowledge came to them because they sought for it and fulfilled the conditions necessary to

get it. It was revealed to them by the Holy Spirit. And they know, as they know that they live, that this knowledge came to them and is correct. The M. I. A. slogan is, therefore, practicable; it can be made a reality as these thousands of Church members can truthfully testify.

It was because of his belief in the teachings of the New Testament that Joseph Smith, a boy of fourteen years, went into the woods to pray. In the Epistle of James 1:5, he read: "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him." The boy wanted to know which of the religious denominations in his neighborhood he should join. Being in doubt, he followed this scriptural injunction, believing that God would answer his prayer. The result was a glorious vision in which the young lad saw and heard the Father and the Son, the God of heaven and earth, and Jesus Christ, the Savior.

To none other in modern times has such a transcendently glorious revelation been given. But to many thousands of sincere truth seekers since Joseph Smith's day, the Lord has been gracious and kind, answering their humble prayers and burning into the depths of their souls the knowledge that he lives, giving to them indescribably great joy. Yes, these thousands know that the M. I. A. slogan is practicable.

But every person must get the testimony for himself. His neighbors can not give it to him. The knowledge of another is not his knowledge. And the knowledge of Christ's divinity, the most precious of all knowledge, can come only to the individual and it can come only through a revelation of the Holy Spirit. But this knowledge is free to all, to the poor as well as the rich, for it is without price and will be given to all who humble themselves and earnestly seek it, doing obediently the "will of the Father." And when this knowledge comes to the individual, he will not be mistaken. He will know as certainly as he knows anything that he has the testimony he sought.

But this testimony, like a knowledge of other things, may be forgotten. And the objector sometimes points this out, asserting that the testimony is not knowledge—only enthusiasm. It is true that an individual may forget his one-time testimony. But this is only natural and is no proof at all that the testimony did not once exist. To forget a one-time knowledge of other facts is the common experience of all men. To forget is, therefore, natural. And so to keep alive a testimony of Christ's divinity, effort is necessary, just as effort is necessary to keep us from forgetting other facts that we may know. "The race is not to the swift but to him who endureth to the end." Through faithful, right living, a testimony may be obtained. It is only through a continuation of faithful, right living that a testimony may be retained.

ORATORY, POESY AND PROPHECY

BY ORSON F. WHITNEY

II.

The commonest error in relation to poetry is the notion that it resides wholly in the art of versification, that it consists merely of metre and rhyme. Any two lines that are made to jingle at the end, no matter how puerile the content, are by most people supposed to be poetic, representative of the divine gift of song. A greater mistake is hardly conceivable.

"God bless me and my wife,
My son John and his wife,
We four
And no more."

That's not poetry; but there are people simple enough to think so—because, forsooth, it rhymes!

The essence of poetry is in thought, sentiment, symbolism, and the power of suggestion. It is the music of ideas, as well as the music of language. Many a verse, perfect in rhyme and metre, has little or no poetry, while prose is oftentimes replete with it.

Rhyme bears about the same relation to poetry, as paint or polish to a piano or an organ, made beautiful by such embellishment. It would be an organ or a piano without the paint or polish, but it would not be as pleasing to the eye. "The apparel oft proclaims the man," says Shakespeare. True, but it does not make the man; it only makes him more presentable in society. Even so, the rhyme is not the poem proper. It is an artifice used by the poet to make his thought more attractive. The ear must be charmed before the sentiment can reach the heart.

Some poems are of such superior merit as to need no rhyme. The beauty of the thought, the rhythm and majesty of the movement, suffice. The jingle of rhyme would mar rather than enhance the effect. Most of our great poems are rhymeless. Homer's *Iliad*, Shakespeare's plays, and Milton's *Paradise Lost* are in blank verse. The Book of Job, the Psalms of David, the prophecies of Isaiah and Jeremiah, the parables of Jesus, the Revelation of St. John, the Vision of Joseph and Sidney—how much would they gain by being put into rhyme. Nothing at all. Rather would they lose irreparably.

Poetry is of three kinds, or it has three grand divisions: lyric, epic and dramatic. Lyric poetry comprises the songs, sacred or secular, in which the poet voices his own thoughts and emotions. Epic poetry is heroic narrative—the poet outside of himself, relating the exploits and achievements of others. Dramatic poetry consists of plays put upon the stage or read in private—character impersonations,

real or fanciful, and the portrayal of human passions and feelings. Notable examples in lyric poetry are the Psalms of David, and the ballads of Robert Burns and Thomas Moore; in epic poetry, Homer's *Iliad*, Milton's *Paradise Lost*, and Tasso's *Jerusalem*; in dramatic poetry, the Greek tragedies, the plays of Shakespeare, and works of other dramatists.

By many, poesy is regarded as something vain, frothy, and of no substantial worth. This is because it is not generally understood. The poet holds aloft an ideal, and beckons to the real to "come up higher." Hence he is deemed an idle dreamer, a visionary, an ideologist.

Well, the poet is a dreamer. But so is the architect, and the builder of railroads. If there were no dreamers, there would be no builders. It is only a seeming gulf that separates the poetic and the practical, or it only exists because the poet's dream—"the light that never was on sea or land"—must always be in advance of the real, to incite progress. There were poets before there were pedagogues, philosophers or historians. Poesy is the elder sister of History, the mother of Language, the ancestress of Civilization.

Many who dislike poetry, or think they dislike it, deeming it unworthy the consideration of utilitarian minds, are poetic in their natures, and are indebted to it for the success they achieve even in practical pursuits, and for the enjoyment that their lives afford them. Notably is this the case with public speakers, the best of whom owe to the poetry within them the emotional and dramatic power with which they sway the minds and hearts of the multitude. Where there is no poetry there can be no real eloquence. The orator must be a poet, must have a poetic soul, if his orations are to be anything more than emanations of "a sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal."

"Eloquence," says Bryan, "is thought on fire." Demosthenes had more of it than Cicero, and consequently was the greater orator. "How well Cicero speaks," the people said, after hearing the polished and eloquent Roman. But when Demosthenes thundered his denunciations against the Macedonian invader, the Athenians with flashing eyes exclaimed: "Let us go against Philip."

Oratory, or the art of public speaking, is mostly a matter of education. The other powers of the orator are his poetic, or creative, powers. The poet makes the speech, the orator delivers it, and it is a great speech, a good speech or a poor speech, according to the amount of poetry that it contains, according to the divine fire within it—the power to kindle up the souls of men.

"The poets of the world," says Dr. Holland, "are the prophets of humanity. They forever reach after and foresee the ultimate good. They are evermore building the Paradise that is to be, painting the Millennium that is to come, restoring the lost image of God in the human soul. When the world shall reach the poet's ideal it will arrive at perfection, and much good will it do the world to measure

itself by this ideal, and struggle to lift the real to its lofty level."

Poets may not be prophets in the same degree as the sacred seers and oracles of Holy Writ, but the gift of poesy and the gift of prophecy are akin, and there is a point where the two blend and become one. Below that, poesy is to prophecy what oratory is to poesy, what the body is to the spirit, the fruit to the tree, the flower to the plant, the stream to the fountain. It is the outward sign and expression of an inward gift and grace.

Prophets are poets, but they do not always poetize. Still, the utterances of great prophets are generally rhythmical and replete with imagery. Attest the writings of David, Solomon, Isaiah, and others, veritable prophets and veritable poets, who in some of the grandest poetry ever sung, have indeed built "the Paradise that is to be, painted the Millennium that is to come."

Read the parables and sayings of the Savior, ye who love poetry and would inhale some of its sweetest and most fragrant flowers:

"Consider the lillies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin, and yet I say unto you that even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these."

Did anything more beautiful, more poetic, ever fall from the lips of man? Jesus of Nazareth was a poet, no less than a prophet of transcendent genius.

Carlyle, that wonderful prose poet, whose poems are histories, essays and lectures, believed that one capable of being a great poet could be "all sorts of men," or great in almost any direction. He cites Shakespeare, whose genius was so universal that all professions claim him; also Mirabeau, that fiery orator, who, he says, "could have written verses, tragedies, poems and touched all hearts in that way, had his course of life and education led him thitherward." He adds convincingly: "The poet who could merely sit on a chair and compose stanzas, would never make a stanza worth much. The great heart, the clear, deep-seeing eye—there it lies!"

It was Byron's conviction "that a man ought to do something more for society than make verses," and this induced him to throw his life into the struggle for Greek independence. It was the opinion of our own Lowell, expressed in a reference to the heroic Milton, that "the poet's lyre demands an arm of tougher sinew than the sword." More modern instances of the same kind are the patriotic acts of D'Annunzio, the Italian poet, and of Paderewski, the Polish musician. Great painters, such as Raphael and Turner; great sculptors, like Phideas and Michael Angelo—were they not poets, creators, makers of the beautiful and sublime?

Carlyle's belief as to Mirabeau's potentialities rests upon the basis that Mirabeau was a poet, not merely an orator, and that it was chance or destiny that made the tongue, in lieu of the pen, his instrument of power. Our author allows for natural aptitude—

Nature's creation of great men in different moulds—but puts circumstance of birth, rearing and environment above all.

What is "natural aptitude?" Is it not partly, even largely, the result of prior education, in a world that went before this, in a life that witnessed the sowing of the seed of which this life's conditions are the harvest? What is intuition but inborn knowledge, that which the spirit knoweth from of old?

"Study yourselves, and most of all note well
Wherein kind Nature meant you to excel."

Good advice, Longfellow; but not always easy to follow. It is difficult at times to ascertain where natural aptitude lies. Demosthenes, a stammerer, stoop-shouldered, almost deformed, might well have doubted his natural aptitude for oratory. But intensive training developed him into the greatest orator of antiquity. Disraeli, whose first speech in Parliament was a failure, and who sat down amidst a storm of hisses, exclaiming, "The time *will* come when you will hear me," might well have wondered whether he had not missed his forte in aiming to be a public speaker. But the spirit of poesy, the genius of prophecy, was in these men, and experience, the mighty educator, brought it forth.

Education cannot make a poet, but it can polish and develop one. The poetic faculty must first be there. Without it all the training in the world will not suffice to make the true poet or the genuine orator. Nothing proves more conclusively that oratory is a matter of education, than the experience of Demosthenes and Disraeli. They were born poets; they made themselves orators.

And it was because they were more than orators, that they were able to excel in oratory. Plato was more than a philosopher; he was a poet of the first rank; but "chose to utilize the poetic gift to an ulterior purpose." Such is Emerson's pronouncement upon him. "Every man," says the American sage, "who would do anything well, must come to it from a higher ground."

Welcome to April

Who does not welcome April,
With blossoms in her hair,
Soft rains and misty twilight,
And perfume laden air?

Who does not love young April,
As she flits across the land,
Waking all the sleeping things
Touched by her fairy wand?

Tender hearted April,
Whose tears so freely flow,
Her true face smiling through the rain
She brings to make things grow.

Rogers, Arkansas.

MRS. OTIS GEISE

SOME ESSENTIALS OF THE SUCCESSFUL TEACHER

BY DR. J. E. GREAVES, OF THE UTAH AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

I was visiting in a large hospital with a leading surgeon when he asked me if I cared to witness an unusual operation which was to be performed that morning. I accepted the invitation. We started for the operating division. On reaching the elevator, I noticed that the nurses had just brought in a small boy. He was greatly emaciated. His cheeks were bright pink with fever. Although his little features were pinched from suffering, yet they radiated hope and confidence. A young father and mother accompanied him and their eyes caught his every movement. It was easy to see that their sole concern was for the welfare of their boy. Either would gladly have changed places with him. Yes, they would have given their lives for him. There was a studied look on the face of the surgeon as he carefully surveyed the features of the boy and then the faces of his parents. Not a word was spoken as the elevator slowly moved upward.

On stepping from the elevator, the surgeon turned to me and said, "This surgery is mighty serious business when one realizes that on his diagnosis and on his action often hang a human life. I have used the most refined methods known to modern science in the diagnosis of this case, yet there is a possibility of error. However, I do know this—that his only hope is in an operation, yet I keenly sense my responsibility."

As he spoke I could not help reflecting, "Nature in time will heal the wound which his knife will make. Sooner or later Mother Earth will cover the scar. Anything that he may do with his scalpel will reach only the mortal body. His knife cannot reach the soul. The operations of the teacher mould not only the body but also the spirit."

I am just old-fashioned enough to believe that the child has a soul and that the teacher may make or mar it for eternity. Hence I ask: Whose is the greatest responsibility?

I once heard a story which, although jokingly told, vividly portrayed to me the responsibility of the teacher: Two inhabitants of this earth had died and first met in Purgatory, so the story goes. The attendant stowed each away in a large kettle under each of which he started a brisk fire. Now and then each would look over the top of his prison wall and converse with his neighbor. On becoming tired of this they would settle back and enjoy the heat. After some time, one came to the top and called to the other. No answer. He called again. Still no answer. Was it possible that his companion even in this region had succumbed to the heat? When the attendant

came to stir the fire he was asked, "What has become of the other prisoner?"

"He has been liberated."

"Then why am I being held?"

"Your friend while on earth was a robber. All who suffered from his crime have passed on. He has atoned for his sins. But you, while on earth, were a teacher and you taught false doctrines. These are being handed on from generation to generation with the result that it will be ages before the harm done by you is made right."

I shall lay down as the first essential for the successful teacher—*he must sense his responsibility.*

I was riding on the range with a friend and stopped at the home of a rancher for dinner. After lunch we chatted with the rancher a short time, and as we went to saddle our horses the rancher bantered my friend for a trade. The trade was soon made, the new horse saddled, and we started on our journey. On reaching the gate my friend called back, "By the way, you haven't told me the name of my horse!"

"His name is Tracy. We named him after the great Idaho outlaw. When he gets loose, it requires a dozen men on horses to capture him, and even then they are not always successful."

My friend manifested no concern over the fact that he had traded for an outlaw horse, but rode joyfully away. After that day I did not see him for some time, but when I next met him my first inquiry was, "How is Tracy?"

"Come with me and you will see."

I followed into the yard and in the distance I could see a horse. My friend commenced to call, "Come, Tracy, come." The horse looked up and soon briskly galloped toward us. He came up to us, and my friend gently patted the horse and said, "I can jump off that horse anywhere and leave him standing. He will always wait for me. I can ride him on the range and turn him loose anywhere, always knowing that he will come when I call."

"But how did you do it?"

"Kindness—love, if you please. That horse has perfect confidence in me?"

I could not help reflecting, "If love and kindness will work such marvels as to transform a dumb animal from an outlaw into a useful and trustworthy servant of man, what wonders it will work when applied to mankind!"

Through love, sympathy, and fair play Judge Lindsay of Denver, Colorado, has rescued thousands of wayward boys and girls, and by so doing has gained the undying gratitude of the nation. Lincoln, although cast in a maelstrom of war and suffering, always used love and sympathy, and when he erred it was always on the side of mercy. His life is a wonderful example and becomes more brilliant as the years

roll by. Napoleon ruled with an iron hand and cast everything to the wind that interfered with his ambition. Even the love of a faithful wife was sacrificed on the altar of his ambition. One may admire his genius and his meteoric rise, but one would not point him out as an example or as a truly successful man.

The greatest teacher of all time was Christ. The principle actuating his work and teaching was love. Few recognized him during his life, but each year adds to the number of his followers, until today he is recognized by nearly everyone as mankind's greatest benefactor.

The ex-Kaiser of Germany ruled by force, and at the height of his power he was one of the most powerful individuals the world has ever produced. His word was absolute, and on it depended not only the life of his subjects but the fate of the nation. Today his name is a hiss and a byword among the nations of the world.

The motivating principle in every act of that most beloved man of his time, Louis Pasteur, was love—love of country, love of mankind. The child who is guided by love will develop an amiable disposition, the one driven by anger or by fear, a remorse. The organs of the body in the first case function normally, those of the second secrete a poison which injures nerves and tissues and which, during the height of a fit of anger or fear, can be detected by the chemist with his test tube.

Some time ago I was riding in the mountains, when suddenly I came upon one of those dangerous quagmires sometimes found in that region. The place seemed dry and safe enough to the eye. My horse hesitated, but I urged him on. After considerable urging he plunged forward, and instantly the dangerous nature of the bog was evident. He sank to his shoulders, and the treacherous nature of the place could be seen from the shaking of the whole mass. In some mysterious way the horse soon extricated himself and we were again on firm ground. On the very edges of the quagmire I could see a beautiful mountain flower—white, innocent, pure, as love which blooms in every heart and when correctly used moves mountains. It was love at home and love of country which made of the American boys an army of which the Germans are reported to have said: "No one could whip the Yankees. They did not fight according to modern military tactics, for they kept on fighting after they were defeated."

Hence, I shall lay down as the second essential for the successful teacher—*he must love his work and have sympathy for the ones with whom he works.*

Some one has said, "The training of the boy is like the catching of a colt." There is considerable truth in this statement, for as I look back now on the horse which, as a boy, I used to ride, I see that most of her meanness was due to my training. When a colt she ran with the other horses in the pasture. I caught her with a

pan of oats. One day I wanted her but had forgotten the oats. I called. She looked up but did not come. By the gate was the pan ordinarily used in catching the horse. I picked it up and called. She came. I caught her and rode happily away. This process was repeated a number of times, but one day the colt failed to come for the empty pan. I followed her, but it was of no avail. I dipped up a handful of sand in the pan and commenced to shake it. The horse came, and I joyfully rode away. This method worked for some time, but she soon learned the deception and would shyly look into the pan and then trot off. Even when the sand was replaced with oats she would either fail to come or quickly slip up, take a mouthful, and before I could catch her quickly run off. I had learned that one cannot continually catch a colt by rattling an empty pan nor by deception.

Since then I have learned that the teacher cannot long hold the confidence of a student by deception, nor by the rattling of an empty skull. The teacher must know his subject, or if confronted with an unanswerable question, he must honestly admit it. I like the rule which is used in health education: "When you do not know what is best in the education of a child from a hygienic viewpoint, let him alone."

So we reach the third essential for a successful teacher—*he must be master of his subject.*

The great evangelist, Lyman Abbott, had given a lecture on the life of the Savior, after which he passed among the audience shaking hands with each. As he grasped the hand of a timid little girl he asked, "Would you not like to be like the Savior?"

"Kind sir, I do not know. But, oh, I would like to become like my teacher."

Each boy and girl has his hero. Sometimes it is the world's greatest pugilist, football or baseball player, or movie actress. But still more often, in the tender years, it is the teacher.

We find our fourth essential for the successful teacher—*by words and action he must be an example to his pupils.*

The admirers of Longfellow were crowded around him one spring day, when one of them asked, "How is it you keep looking so young?"

Longfellow pointed out of the window and said, "Do you see that tree all in bloom? Each year it grows new wood on which it bears its fruit."

It is said that the pine seedling pruned back just one inch in its native bed soon loses out in the struggle and dies. The teacher who ceases to study is soon replaced by a younger and more progressive one, or hangs on at a mere pittance and becomes dead wood and a hindrance to the teaching profession.

Hence, the fifth essential for the successful teacher—*he must continue to grow.*

That teacher who senses his responsibility, who is actuated by love, masters his special field, is sincere, and continues to grow, is and always will be a successful teacher.

Logan, Utah

WHAT ARE WE WORKING FOR?

BY JOSEPH S. PEERY

A clergyman said to a "Mormon" missionary: "Your position is wrong, when you urge works. Works have absolutely nothing to do with it. St. Paul said, 'For by grace are ye saved, through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast.'" (Ephesians 2:8,9.)

The "Mormon" missionary answered: "True, St. Paul made that statement, but in the very next paragraph he says: 'For we are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them.' (Ephesians 2:9.) St. Paul also said, 'Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling.' (Philippians 1:12.) The Master, who is greater than St. Paul, said: 'My Father worketh hitherto, and I work,' (John 5:17), 'I must work the works for him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work.' (John 9:4), 'For the Son of man shall come in the glory of his Father with his angels; and then he shall reward every man according to his works,' " (Matt. 16:27.)

Yes, through the atonement of our blessed Redeemer, we all will be saved from our graves. Of course we are helpless to come forth. Through the grace of God, all will rise in resurrected bodies, but our exaltation depends on ourselves. Not all rise at the same time, and all do not go to the same place. The good book tells us, "Every man shall receive his own reward, according to his own labor." (I Cor. 3:8.) "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." (Gal. 6:7.)

President Brigham Young said: "I am for life eternal." That means to rise in the morning of the resurrection and to make celestial glory. We do not want to wait a thousand years for our bodies, to make the kingdom of the stars—servants unto others forever.

Youth of Zion, your destiny is to be kings and princes unto the Most High—worth working for!

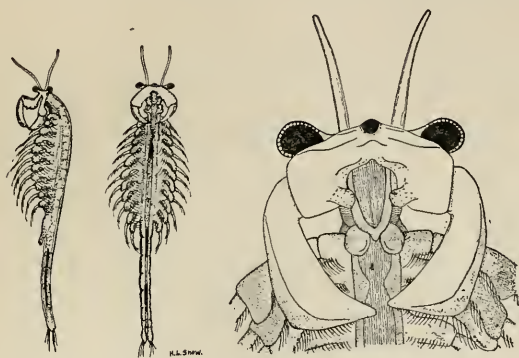
Let us all up and "be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only." (James 1:22.) No one can fill our mission but ourselves. The heaven we get will be the heaven we earn, but, to earn a good place, we must have the help of the Lord continually. In all our works, we must remember of ourselves we are nothing. We *must pray for God's guidance* and assistance, in all that we do, for his Spirit to lead us, and to the Lord we must give the praise and glory forever. Faith combined with works is the keynote of "Mormonism."

THE SALT LAKE FAIRY SHRIMP

BY HAROLD L. SNOW

Were you ever bitten by a shrimp while taking a dip in Great Salt Lake? Probably not, because the brine shrimp, or fairy shrimp, as it is commonly called, being known to the scientists as *Artemia gracilis*, is so small and insignificant, as well as being absolutely harmless, that it is usually not perceived by people who bathe in the salty water.

Very little attention has been paid the fairy shrimp in the past, and descriptions of the creature, as well as reference to it, are so scarce that it has become the general opinion of the public that Utah's



Left: Fairy shrimp; front and side views, (actual size from about one-third to one-half inch in length.)

Right: Close up view of fairy shrimp, showing antennae, central eye and pair of compound eyes.

salt sea is absolutely devoid of any form of animal life whatsoever. The absence of much literature on the subject is probably due to the fact that the fairy shrimp not only is of but little interest to those who attend the lake resorts to float on the surface of the dense salt water, but also because the creature at present is neither of any great significance as a benefit nor as a detriment to human society.

In certain parts of the lake not far from the shore one can catch hundreds of salt water animals in one double handful of the brine. They swim about in the water, first in one direction and then in the other, as if they were making a violent attempt to escape. But when observed from the surface of the lake they may be seen to move about in quite the same manner right in their native habitat.

Observed more closely, the fairy shrimp is seen to be from about one-third to one-half an inch in length, the male being somewhat

larger than the female. Many of them are colored most beautifully. Some are of a light brown or almost a yellow color, while others are bright red, orange, green, brown or even a mixture of these colors. Eleven pairs of legs, co-ordinating in a wave-like movement along a horizontal plane, propel the shrimp through the brine with a gliding motion. The delicate and slender legs and body of the creature moving so gracefully through the water may be considered ample justification for man's christening it the fairy shrimp. A large pair of claspers resembling to some extent those of a crab or lobster, are seen in the male form, whereas the opposite sex has in their stead a small second pair of antennae. A small black spot right at the top of the head may be seen easily with a low power microscope. This is a centrally placed eye. In addition to this, the fairy shrimp has a pair of compound eyes. They are relatively large and easily arrest the attention of the naked eye.

Under the direction of Dr. Newton Miller, now professor of microscopic anatomy at the University of Utah, a special study of the brine shrimp was made by Albert C. Jensen in 1917, while taking out his master's degree in zoology. In describing the shrimp Mr. Jensen states that the stomach is situated in the head of the animal. Each of two lobes of the stomach receives a duct from the liver, which also lies in the head, even higher in its position than the stomach, he states. The brine shrimp's heart is in the form of a long tube extending nearly the entire length of the body. Blood is thought to enter the tubular heart through a series of valves in its sides, and to be pumped out at the two ends. Cases have been observed where the little round black eggs of the fairy shrimp laid by isolated females, have developed into mature animals without fertilization from the opposite sex, showing that the species may also reproduce parthenogenetically. However, in these cases most of the eggs developed into females.

The brine shrimp is a vegetarian. Perhaps it was originally forced to this sort of diet by the absence of sufficient other small forms of animal life on which to "make out a meal." Great abundance of a certain alga exists in the water near the shores of Great Salt Lake. On this plant it is that the shrimp feeds. Some believe the alga to be the only food in the lake on which the animal can live. At any rate the abundance of the alga near the shore helps to account for the presence of myriads of fairy shrimps in the same locality.

In earlier times Indians are said to have caught large quantities of the brine shrimps for their food. First they washed them with fresh water to reduce their saltiness, it is said, and then the shrimps were dried much the same as the Indians used to dry berries and other foods for the winter's use. The fact that these shrimps are quite a palatable delicacy has been confirmed by Dr. James E. Talmage, who states that he has collected enough of the shrimps to

wash, cook, season and eat, and he describes them as being "actually delicious."

As far back as the time of Captain Bonneville, nearly a century ago, mention was made of what in all probability was the fairy shrimp in Great Salt Lake. Later, Fremont wrote of life in the salt water lake, and then in 1869 the fairy shrimp was given its scientific name, *Artemia gracilis*, by Verrill. Dr. Siebold of Munich studied this animal in 1876, and since that time a number of Americans have written on the subject, among whom were A. S. Packard, Jr., David Starr Jordan, Grove Carl Gilbert, James E. Talmage and Albert C. Jensen.

The question as to how the fairy shrimp came to live in such a salty habitat is one of interest to the observer. Many years ago the shores of Great Salt Lake were as high as the present levels of the old Lake Bonneville, which are to be seen marking the foot hills around the Great Basin. At that time the lake had an outlet through rivers running into the Pacific Ocean. Constant drainage prevented the lake from becoming so salty as was its fate at a later period when outlets from the lake, other than through evaporation, were stopped off. So the salt which is now deposited in the lake, was at that time carried into the sea. Thus the ancient ancestor of *Artemia gracilis* must have lived at its time in practically fresh water. This assumption is confirmed by the fact that the present-day fairy shrimp can live in water with a wide variation from the exact concentration of salt which is found in the lake. This fact has been demonstrated repeatedly by different investigators.

The lake is so salty that but little, if any, life other than the hardy little fairy shrimp can live in it. Thus the creature has practically no enemies, and for this reason, it is thought, the shrimp exists in the Great Salt Lake in such abundance as it does.

Now the question may arise as to just what industrial value these edible salt-water shrimps might have. At the present time they are abundant enough, but their small size and the difficulty of catching and cleaning or isolating them from other substances in the lake, seem to be the principal obstacles. If a Burbank would only appear and develop a shrimp of even twice or three times the size of the largest shrimp now found in the lake, Salt Lake City might become the center of a new industry, and summer tourists who visit the lake might not entirely disregard *Artemia gracilis* while enjoying a float on the waters of Great Salt Lake.

Salt Lake City, Utah

BEFORE THE ARROWHEAD TRAIL

BY ISRAEL BENNION

[The author of this pioneer writing is a native son of Utah, born June 2, 1860, in the "Old English Fort," now Taylorsville, Salt Lake county, Utah. He lived in Rush valley in 1864-65; settled on the Muddy, in Nevada, in 1868, and subsequently resided at Panaca and Eagleville. The family returned to Taylorsville in 1873, where Israel followed the sheep and cattle business until 1877, when he settled in Vernon, Tooele county, in which vicinity he has resided ever since. He was ordained a patriarch by Elder Francis M. Lyman, July 23, 1893, and a bishop on February 25, 1900, and presided over the Vernon ward.—EDITORS.]

Back in the "sixties" thousands of colonists were trekking southward, in obedience to the call of President Brigham Young. Long trains of wagons drawn by horses, mules, oxen, and even by cows, pulled out of the already settled valleys of northern and central Utah. They went down through Fillmore, Beaver, Parowan, Cedar City, Kanarra, and then,—over the Black Ridge, the Rim of the Basin into that vast, indefinite area called Utah's Dixie.

These "chosen and called," going out at the word of their leader to redeem and reclaim a waste and barren land, saw not, cared nothing for, scenic southern Utah, present day paradise for pleasure-seekers from all over the earth. Only a few miles out of their line of travel lay Cedar Breaks and Zion Canyon, in all their majesty and splendor. But these weary, dusty travelers turned not aside. They "walked mournfully before the Lord." Work, not play! Existence, not sight-seeing! Duty, not pleasure! Note this homely but significant song of Rob Gardner:

"Oh, when I got to the Black Ridge,
My wagon, it broke down.
I couldn't find a carpenter
In twenty miles of town;
I cut an ugly cedar,
Which made an awkward slide,
And made it run so heavy
That Betsy couldn't ride.

"As she was a-walking along the road,
I told her to take care,
When all of a sudden—
She stepped on a prickly pear.
Then began to blubber
As hard as she could bawl:
'If I was on the Cottonwood
I wouldn't come at all!'"

Beyond St. George, danger and hardship increased. The treacherous Navajos, prowling near, were ever ready to pounce upon any lone wagon that happened to be out of sight of the main company. Here the "road patrol," keen-eyed, lean-faced riders, passed and passed wagon trains, pausing a few moments to give instructions to

camp leaders to travel in close formation, to guard the camps and livestock, and to give warning against quicksand, poisonous water, etc.

Not always did the wagon colonies give due heed to these quietly spoken warnings. Sometimes they indulged in "whys and wherefores." But the price of safety was "Listen and obey." A wagon train was camped for the night on the Rio Virgin, below the mouth of Beaver Dam Wash. Guards were posted—but they were not sufficiently watchful. Indians glided in, like gray snakes on gray ground, and with wild whoop and whirling blanket stampeded the animals. A pair of fine mules ran to their own loved wagon, and were shot with poisoned arrows to prevent their being used as a means of securing immediate aid. The dying agony of these faithful animals was evidenced the next day by the torn-up, blood-stained ground where they lay. It was a sad scene, this deathly-still wagon village, with its melancholy groups of women and children, and a few men, now too late, vigilantly on guard. Already the road patrol had gotten busy. Horses and men were brought up from the next train; a band of friendly Piutes was enlisted; a rider, on "Kate," a famous yellow mare, went ahead to St. Joe for more help. Evidently the marauders were not going to get away "Scot free." And they didn't!

At the crossing of the Rio Virgin, the warning was given, "The bed of the river is quicksand. Don't allow your animals to stop and drink."

From thoughtlessness, perhaps, on the part of those in charge, a drove of cattle, thirsty and tired, were allowed to drink in midstream. A few minutes they stood, a few more minutes, and then, —calamity! teams, chains, men, frantically dragging cattle out onto the bank! Soon, very soon, as the cattle sank lower, their legs, and then their necks broke under the strain of the tugging teams! Further struggling was worse than useless. Friendly pistol shots rang down the curtain.

In the Spring of '69, three wagons left St. Joe for Salt Lake City, by way of the "Desert Road." As was customary—nay, necessary,—one of the company was an "old-timer," who knew where to find water, in those wonderful, cisternlike waterholes that have been carved by nature's tools in the solid rock bottoms of some dry water courses. There were two such holes on this route, conveniently spaced for the ninety-five mile trip to St. George. Unknown to this group of travelers, and, it is safe to say, unknown to the presiding authority at St. Joe, a family, knowing of the proposed trip to Salt Lake, concluded to join the company. Unfortunately they were some hours late in starting. However, the tracks were fresh, and it is quite possible they could see the three wagons ahead of them at the start. Probably the lead teams were better travelers, and the drivers had the advantage of a guide, so that they were not handicapped by any uncertainty. They soon pulled on out of sight, and the windswept

desert does not hold tracks very long. At any rate, the belated travelers missed the first waterhole.

They never reached the second one!

Incidents could be multiplied. Days and nights, months and years were full of them. Amid danger, distress and hardship, these quiet, brave men and women moved on to the appointed task. Was it worth while? Why did they "come at all?" What could they see? Far stretches of barren mesa; tortuous gorges, weird, forbidding canyons; gray grease-wood; gray mesquite; gray cactus; thorny, bitter,—everything. A garden of the gods! Aye, of gods gone mad! Well might Brigham Young doubt his own prophetic vision, when, in 1869, he drove down to the edge of the Mojave desert, with white-top carriage and "spanking bays." Long and earnestly he looked southward. Then turning to his boon companion, the late C. R. Savage, he said simply:

"Turn north, Charley."

With the eye of faith, what did these self-sacrificing pioneers see? Like Abraham of old, they went out, not knowing whither they went; for they sought a city whose founder and maker is God. Finding that "city," they became "the richest of all people, for ye shall have the riches of eternity." But they had another objective: the present cities that should spring up where they set their feet. Furthermore, a still greater objective loomed up before them, in the giving to humanity an empire of prosperous, happy homes, and a heritage of faith, industry, integrity, and character that ever and always comes to those who seek "a city whose builder is God."

And again, they went out, a people "chosen and called," to found and foster a new and vigorous vitality,—out and away from the fogs of prejudice and superstition. Away from the vices that creep into old civilizations. Yea, to be a part of the evolution of God's purposes in bringing to pass the eternal salvation of his children. The prophet's vision was right. Dixie is coming into its own. The wonderful climate, the fertile places, the bright spots, the "kind heart under a sometimes forbidding aspect!" We have even come to tolerate, if not to love, the "disordered" landscape. It is as if the master builder, an architect of an unrecognized school, had arranged this vast region after a fashion of his own, and going away, had left no caretaker, no sight-seeing director to explain his work.

And now, in later years, on the trail of Rob and Betsy Gardner, come a new and different people, different vehicles, different objectives, different viewpoints. We bid you welcome!

The pioneers have succeeded. They sowed by the waters; the wilderness was glad for them; the barren desert is a fruitful field; thanksgiving and the voice of melody are found therein! The awful Solitude, the Accursed Land, the Valley of the Shadow of Death, are robbed of their Terrors!

Benmore, Utah

SIX REASONS FOR PAYING TITHING

BY GEORGE S. BUNKER

I Peter 3:15: "But sanctify the Lord God in your hearts and be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason for the hope that is in you, with meekness and fear."

First:—

I pay tithing because I need money.

A. To pay my debts.

B. To clothe, feed, and educate my family.

C. To gather my genealogy, and redeem my dead.

Mal. 3:10: "Bring ye all the tithes into my store house, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

Second:—

I pay tithing because I need a partner.

A. I cannot work alone.

B. I believe in cooperation, and must have it.

Mal. 3:11: "I will rebuke the devourer for your sake, and he shall not destroy the fruits of your ground, neither shall your vine cast her fruit before the time in the field, saith the Lord of Hosts."

I Cor. 3:6-7: "I have planted, Apollos watered; but God gave the increase. So then, neither is he that planteth anything, neither he that watereth, but God that giveth the increase."

Third:—

I pay tithing because I want to be honest.

The Lord requires one-tenth of my increase.

I Cor. 10:26: "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof."

Doc. and Cov. 119:4: "After that, those who have thus been tithed shall pay one-tenth of all their interest annually, and this shall be a standing law unto them forever, for my holy priesthood saith the Lord."

Luke 16:10-11: "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much; and he that is unjust in the least is unjust also in much. If therefore ye have not been faithful in the unrighteous mammon, who will commit to your trust the true riches?"

Mal. 3:8: "Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me. But ye say, Wherein have we robbed thee? In tithes and offerings."

Fourth:—

I pay tithing because I want an inheritance on this earth.

Matt. 5:5: "Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth."

John 14:2-3: "In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if

I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also."

Doc. and Cov. 88:37-38: "And there are many kingdoms; for there is no space in which there is no kingdom; and there is no kingdom in which there is no space, either a greater or a lesser kingdom. And unto every kingdom is given a law; and unto every law there are certain bounds also and conditions."

Doc. and Cov. 88:25: "And again, verily I say unto you, the earth abideth the law of a celestial kingdom, for it filleth the measure of its creation, and transgresseth not the law."

Doc. and Cov. 119:6: "And I say unto you, if my people observe not this law [of tithing], to keep it holy, and by this law sanctify the land of Zion unto me, that my statutes and my judgments may be kept thereon, that it may be most holy, behold, verily I say unto you, it shall not be a land of Zion unto you."

Doc. and Cov. 88:21: "And they who are not sanctified through the law which I have given unto you, even the law of Christ, must inherit another kingdom, even that of a terrestrial kingdom, or that of a telestial kingdom."

Fifth:—

I pay tithing because I want my name written in the Lamb's book of life.

Rev. 21:27: "And there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie: but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life."

Doc. and Cov. 85:5: "Their names shall not be found, neither the names of the fathers nor the names of the children, written in the book of God, saith the Lord of hosts."

Doc. and Cov. 85:9: "And all they who are not found written in the book of remembrance shall find none inheritance in that day, but they shall be cut asunder, and their portion shall be appointed them among unbelievers, where are wailing and gnashing of teeth."

Sixth:—

I pay tithing because I don't want to be found one of the tares, for they are to be burned.

Matt. 13:24-30: "Another parable put he forth unto them, saying, The kingdom of heaven is likened unto a man which sowed good seed in his field: but while men slept, his enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat, and went his way." And the master said to his servants, "Let both grow together until the harvest: * * * I will say to the reapers, Gather ye together first the tares, and * * * burn them, but gather the wheat into my barn."

Mal. 4:1: "For, behold, the day cometh, that shall burn as an oven; and all the proud, yea, and all that do wickedly, shall be stubble: and the day that cometh shall burn them up, saith the Lord of hosts, that it shall leave them neither root nor branch."

Doc. and Cov. 64:23: "Behold, now it is called today until the coming of the Son of Man, and verily it is a day of sacrifice, and a day for the tithing of my people; for he that is tithed shall not be burned at his coming."

Bakersfield, Calif.

THE LARGEST MOUND IN AMERICA

By GOLDEN H. BLACK, LOUIS H. PETERSEN

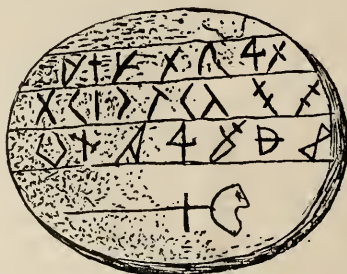
We feel it would be of value to those who are interested in the ancient inhabitants of America to know something of this mound, and especially to those who are familiar with the Book of Mormon.



THE MOUND AT MOUNDVILLE, WEST VIRGINIA

This large and interesting mound is located in the Ohio river valley at the city of Moundville, West Virginia. The mound is nine hundred feet in circumference at the base, and seventy feet in height. This mound was undisturbed by white men until the year 1838. It is believed that this mound has stood more than three thousand years. A man by the name of Jesse Thomalson opened the mound by digging a tunnel, ten feet high, seven feet wide, to the center of the mound. At one hundred and eleven feet they came to a room or vault, eight feet wide, twelve feet long, seven feet high. In this vault they found two human skeletons, the one was surrounded by sixteen hundred fifty ivory beads, and an ivory instrument. Forty feet above this vault another like it was built, which was reached from the top of the mound by a shaft that was sunk from the top. In this vault was found a single skeleton. This was evidently a person of importance, a royal personage, a great chief, or high priest. This skeleton was ornamented with copper rings, plates of mica and bone

beads, and also over two thousand discs cut from shells. The copper rings and bracelets weighed about seventeen ounces. An ivory ornament was found in this vault. Examination showed that from the second vault to the top of the mound there were bits of bones and ashes, and that the entire mound had been built of cremated bodies of the dead builders, piled upon the vault of their dead king and queen. Another chief, who died later, was interred in a top vault. Relics in large numbers have been picked up and a stone image representing a human figure sitting in a cramped position was found. History states that the features of the figure, and especially the nose, were distinctly Roman. Evidence of other vaults in the mammoth mound have been discovered. A strangely engraved stone was found in the upper vault. No relic found in any mound has caused so much controversy as this has. It was placed in the Smithsonian institution. While wax and plaster casts were made of it, and sent throughout the world, in an effort to have its meaning learned, the mysterious characters were never deciphered to the satisfaction of those versed in such things. The stone was, by famous and prominent men of that day, considered the most important discovery of its kind ever made. As we view the mound we cannot but be impressed with the thought that for thousands of years it has stood reminding us of the great people who thronged these valleys when the human race on the earth was young. How many thousands there were who toiled in carrying the soil to make this large mound will never be known. The people who once inhabited the Ohio valley were great mound builders. Below this city, twenty miles south, there was found a smaller mound; in it they found what was called a god. It was made of gold. The Book of Mormon is the greatest evidence the world has that there once was a white and delightful people here, and through their wickedness and dwindling in unbelief they were cursed with the dark skin, a remnant of which was found when this country was first discovered.



Sketch of the stone found in the mammoth mound

MUSSOLINI, AND EUROPE'S NEED OF PEACE

BY J. M. SJODAHL

Once in a while, on the horizon of history, there appears a star which blazes forth in brilliancy for a time and then fades and melts into the obscurity from which it emerged. Is Benito Mussolini such a star?

The answer to that question will have to be reserved till after the last chapter of his biography shall have been penned. At present it can only be said that, at his words and acts, statesmen are amazed.

Benito Mussolini, the son of a blacksmith, has for almost three years been at the helm of the Italian ship of state. Some time before he became prominent, he taught school. According to the reports, at a certain polling place there was, during that period of his eventful life, some serious trouble with the ballot box at the time of an election, whereupon Mussolini proceeded to the neighboring country of Switzerland. Here he is said to have been active in socialist propaganda, and by and by he thought it best to leave in peace. He then went to France, where he had a struggle for existence, until he could return to his beloved Italy, where he, once more became prominent in socialistic activity.

Then came the world war.

Opinions in Italy were divided, as to whether the country ought to join the Allies or keep neutral. The socialists were for neutrality. Mussolini came out for war. He started a paper, *Popolo d'Italia*, in which the war policy was strongly advocated. He did more. He enlisted, as soon as that policy was adopted, and served with some distinction, which was recognized by his elevation to the position of a corporal and a non-commissioned officer. After having received a wound, he returned to civil life, whereupon he began a war of his own upon what he called "national inanition." At this time he was both anti-socialist and anti-parliamentarist, although he claimed that he was only opposed to the abuses of popular government.

Mussolini succeeded in being elected to the chamber of deputies. In 1917, an organization had been founded by certain senators and deputies who were in favor of war. They were known as "militant fascists." Mussolini joined that organization, which was the beginning of the Italian national fascist party, in which he was recognized as the leader.

This party grew rapidly, as the living conditions in the country became more and more difficult. In 1922, a rally was held at Naples, and when Mussolini there saw 50,000 armed fascists, with their officers, parade the streets, admired by the large, sympathetic mob, he realized that his opportunity had come.

The fascists began their plans for taking possession of Rome, whereupon the Facta cabinet, panic stricken, resigned. The king found

it difficult to get another cabinet, and finally called upon Mussolini to take the premiership. Clothed in his black fascist shirt, this gentleman accepted and declared that the king had no more loyal subject than he. The same evening, Italy had a new cabinet.

Lately, Mussolini has created a series of ripples on the easily disturbed waters of European politics, by his public utterances. New year's eve, when he assumed the office of governor of the city of Rome, he delivered an oration about what would be done relative to the great future of Rome. In a few years the city would be restored to the place it held long ago, during the days of the empire. To perform that miracle would only take five years. *He* would see to that. At the same time he promised to enhance greatly the honor and fame of the victorious king and the house of Savoy. The two statements joined together were regarded as ominous.

Later came from Rome certain more or less definite rumors that Mussolini favored the creation of a new Italian state—a very small one—with the pope as its ruler. That would mean the restoration of the temporal power to the papal throne, and the right of the pope to a place in the councils of nations and a voice concerning the political affairs of the world. Ever since 1871, when Italy annexed the papal state, the pope has had no voice, officially, in political affairs, although his influence has been seen and felt in governments everywhere.

Still later, the Italian premier has intimated that his country would not hesitate to carry its flag beyond the northern boundaries, if German agitation in Tyrol did not cease. This attack had the appearance of a deliberate attempt to blame Germany for the results of his own fascist policy of persecution and repression, in violation of the Versailles treaty concerning the rights of minorities.

Ordinarily, such oratory would cause only mirth, but under the present conditions the world cannot be indifferent to the sport of the rocking of the boat. The real trouble is financial. Italy is owing vast sums of money to the United States and to Great Britain. To the latter country her indebtedness is about \$3,000,000,000, and the question naturally arises what will the Italians do about that money? When a country has a sane and stable government, there is no anxiety about the national indebtedness. The interest will always be paid, and the security is good. But is the present government of Italy really safe? That is the question in the minds of many. Russia has repudiated her indebtedness. Mussolini has already suggested that part of the country's debt to Great Britain be paid by Italy's rendering military aid against Turkey in case of war over the Mosul question. That is tantamount to no payment at all of that part of the debt. Then, Italians have also intimated that the Allies—and that, perhaps, includes the United States, although in that truly entangling alliance we were only "associates"—are owing Italy some, because that country was not paid

sufficiently for its services in winning the war. The question among the creditors is, therefore, what next? It is the uncertainty that causes a degree of anxiety. Mussolini is known to believe that a nation is justified in furthering its interests by war. If he should succeed in forming a coalition with Jugo-Slavia, Czecho-Slovakia, and Poland, he might launch out on a policy of adventure, but that is a remote probability.

The situation created by the Italian premier, and the unrest characteristic of the Balkan states; the necessity for a long term of peaceful development—all prove how greatly Europe is in need of some such institutions as the League of Nations and the Permanent Court of International Justice for the maintenance of peace in accordance with the principles of justice and equity.

Tobacco Users as Fanatics

BY WILL H. BROWN

In practically every community where there are any kind of laws or restrictions against smoking in certain places, the laws are disregarded by many smokers. Magistrate Folwell, of Brooklyn, N. Y., in fining a man for smoking in the subway of that city, said: "Men like you who persist in smoking in public places are aiding those fanatics who would like to pass an anti-tobacco law."

Just why those who assert their right to pure air and good health conditions should be called "fanatics" is a mystery. One would think that all sane persons would insist upon such conditions, and that the real fanatics are those who insist on spreading filth and smut and smudge wherever they go, on land and in air. Some street cars, where smoking is permitted, smell more like the abode of pigs, that know no better, than a place occupied by persons supposed to have good sense. If an inhabitant from another planet had just come to our earth, confronted by such a situation, which class do you think he would refer to as fanatics?

As Magistrate Folwell says, this very thing is aiding in bringing about the overthrow of tobacco. Everywhere it is the same story, in street-cars, subways, elevators, dining rooms, hotels. The smoking fanatics are doing more to hasten the campaign against tobacco than any other one force—not only because of the nuisance of their course, but the destructiveness of it. The National Board of Fire Underwriters says that careless smokers cause the greatest fire loss of any known cause in the United States, for the year 1922, the total loss from this cause being \$25,776,951. Commenting upon this the Board says: "This factor—malefactor, rather—led by \$7,000,000 its nearest rival in culpability, which was defective chimneys and flues."

Verily, the defiant, careless smoker is the *Fanatic*.

Oakland, Calif.

THE BOY VOICE

BY CHARLES KENT

When directed by a competent voice trainer the effect of a large group of children singing together is most striking, and their pure, fresh, flute-like tone, combined with the appearance of purity and innocence which they present to the eye, bring many a thrill to the heart and, not infrequently, a tear to the eye of the worshiper. In directing a boy choir, the sopranos must be taught not only the actual music to be sung at the Church service, but, what is much more difficult, they must be trained in the essentials of correct breathing, tone placement, etc., from the ground up. Hence the absolute necessity of the choir-master being a voice specialist, he need not have a fine solo voice but he must know the essentials of good singing, and must be able to demonstrate with his own voice what he means by purity of vowel, clearness of enunciation, etc. These things are probably always best taught by imitation even in the case of adults; but when dealing with a crowd of lively American boys, imitation is practically the only method that can be used successfully. At the age of six, the voices of boys and girls are essentially alike in timbre; but as the boy indulges in more vigorous play and work, and his muscles grow firmer and his whole body sturdier, the voice-producing mechanism, too, takes on these characteristics, and a group of thirty boys, ten or twelve years old, will actually produce tones considerably more brilliant than those made by a group of thirty girls, of similar age. In many places, school children are at the present time singing very well indeed, and the present growing tendency to encourage public performance by large groups of them makes available a new color to the composer of choral and orchestral music, and promises many a thrill to the concert-goer of the future. The public schools are doing very much more in the way of teaching music than formerly, and in many places, consistent work is being carried on, as a result of which the children now in schools, our task of organizing and directing volunteer church choruses use their voices correctly, and are cultivating as well a certain amount of taste in music. Because of this musical activity in the public schools our task of organizing and directing volunteer church choruses should be very much simplified in the near future. Community singing will help at this point, also, and the very much larger numbers of boys and girls who are receiving training as the result of the development of high school music, ought to make it considerably easier to secure the right type of choir director in the future than has been the case in the past. As a result of the present wide spread interest in music and music study, it should be possible also to get very much better congregational singing. All in all, the outlook is extremely promising, and we venture to predict a great improvement in all that pertains to church music in the near future.

Rock Springs, Wyoming Public Schools

A RUSTIC ROMANCE

BY SILAS L. CHENEY

The small mountain village of Raymond lay prostrate and half-smothered under a heavy fall of snow. Still the natives, with a sturdiness attributed to pioneer stock, went about their cheerless tasks in a most amazingly matter-of-fact manner. To them there was nothing out of the ordinary about deep snow. They had been obliged to struggle with it so many months out of the year for so many years that it had come to assume the semblance of the inevitable, and therefore disturbed the equilibrium of their lives not at all. In fact, few things did disturb them sufficiently to cause excitement unless, perchance, it was the rare occurrence of a marriage, a birth, or a death among their scattered citizenry.

For weeks nothing of so unusual a nature had happened, then suddenly the inhabitants were aroused by what seemed nothing short of phenomenal. It was a solitary fire blazing out like a lost star far up in the mountains where certainly no builders of fires should be at that time of the year. Under the impetus of a common curiosity, a number of villagers gathered at Martin's General Mercantile to converse and conjecture about this peculiar occurrence. The discussion, although lacking nothing in interest, was totally lacking in results. It traveled in circles and so arrived nowhere. Commencing with; "How can it be?" it soared in many and varied directions but, like a skilfully thrown boomerang, always came back to the starting point; "How can it be?" Every new arrival, who joined the circle about the large wood-stuffed heater at the rear of the store, was hailed as a possible Joshua who might lead them out of this wilderness of mystery. But such a Joshua did not arrive until Clifford Barnes walked in upon them, found a leaning post at the end of the counter nearest the stove, and remained standing quietly, as one constrained to listen before speaking. Such a procedure was not his custom and attracted attention immediately. He was off color and his dark eyes appeared strangely haunted.

"What's the matter, Clif? Seen a ghost?" asked Mr. Martin, the store-keeper.

Clifford glanced up at the questioner for a second, then let his gaze wander back to the massive sheet-iron stove which was beginning to glow dully from the heat within.

"It's that fire upon the mountain there," he explained haltingly as he rammed his hands deep into his pockets and nervously shifted into another position.

The highly-keyed interest of his auditors responded immediately. All eyes were turned in his direction. Was he trying to joke with them or was he about to solve the puzzle?

"Out with it, boy," demanded Uncle Ben, who had lost none of his curiosity with age. "If you know anything about this here fire, why tell us about it."

"It's Tom Sharp's fire and it's a signal that him and Madge are needin' help," replied Clifford huskily.

"Ha, ha—" commenced one who fancied this to be the absurdest of all absurd conjectures, but his mirth was rudely checked by Clifford who suddenly exploded with fury.

"Shut up, Ed," he exclaimed. "You'll be laughin' yourself into trouble first thing you know," and his eyes flashed balefully. He was under an intense emotional strain, there was no doubt of that. This might have given credence to his explanation had it not been so unbelievable.

"Why, Clif, how can that be when Old Tom isn't trappin' up that-a-way a tall? He's up on Cottonwood creek. He told me his self that he was going up there," remarked Hollingshead spitting vehemently against the hot stove.

"A — of a lot you know about it!" declared Clifford hotly. "It was to keep inquisitive birds like you from snooping around his new trapping grounds that he made it a point to misinform you."

It was not exactly surprising that Clifford should be more intimately acquainted with Tom Sharp's movements than anyone else, since, as was generally believed, he was engaged to Madge, the queer old trapper's daughter. Thus the hushed group waited expectantly for further explanation.

"You see," Clifford went on, "he was up above the rapids on the South Fork of Snake River last summer and saw so many signs of beaver, bobcat, and fox that he decided to make his headquarters at the Old Prospectors' cabin, use Madge as a general roustabout and companion, spend the winter trappin', and come down in the spring with a load of furs."

"Well, but how about the fire? It's on Baldy Knoll, not at Prospector's cabin," interrupted the store-keeper.

"It's this way. The night before they left, I was down to see Madge. I says to her, 'Madge, what if something should happen to you up there? It 'ud be mighty uncomfortable wouldn't it?' Then the old man speaks up and says, 'Clif, if anything desperate should happen to us, why we'll make a fire at night upon the top of Baldy Knoll which you can see from here. That's near where we'll be, you know. Now,' he says, 'I don't expect you'll ever see such a fire but if you ever do you want to come—quick.' And, fellows, it's on Baldy Knoll where the fire is now."

"I wonder what could have happened?" asked one.

"Why anything might've happened up there," interjected Hollingshead. "Only a fool would've thought of doing what he's done. Why the river might've become so blocked with snow and ice as to've flooded away their cabin and grub. A snowslide might've done the same thing, it's a likely place for snowslides anyway. Then, too, you'll all remember that it was up that-a-way where a man was killed in a fight with a lynx a few years ago."

For a moment the group remained silent, then Uncle Ben spoke up quietly without lifting his eyes; "Be ye goin' up there then, Clif?"

"Why—er—er—I—I can't," stammered Clifford glancing furtively around the group. There was no mistaking the look of dread and fear which lurked in his expressive eyes.

The men looked at each other and then for an awkward interval sat quietly nursing their own thoughts. There was not one among them who could not imagine what was in Clifford's mind. They knew that it was about as much as a person's life was worth to respond to that signal. Any one of several natural things might happen to a man in the mountains at such a time which would make it very questionable whether he would ever live to tell the tale. Everyone seemed afraid to speak for fear of betraying himself as Clifford had done.

In the group was a young man, scarcely more than a stranger, who had been listening intently without saying anything. In fact, no one seemed to expect or encourage him to speak. He was a husky young fellow of Norwegian extraction, having studious habits and city ways which failed to harmonize with the general scheme of things at Raymond. As a result the villagers shunned rather than sought his friendship.

Frank Hansen had met Madge at school in the city the year before, and in his quiet, unassuming way had fallen desperately in love with her. When he became aware that she was not returning to school, he discontinued his study of medicine and got a job as a general farm hand near her home in order to advance his suit. It had not taken long for him to become

convinced of his error, since both Madge and her father seemed to go out of their way to slight him. That they considered him a sort of weakling was plain.

The situation became almost unbearable, but his pride and determination refused to admit defeat so he stayed on. At times he imagined his love had turned to hate, but as he listened to the shocking revelation of her desperate need for help, he knew he was mistaken. He knew that she meant as much to him as she had ever done—perhaps more. Someone must answer the signal, there was no doubt about that. His bitter reflection told him that Clifford should do it, since he was the one who would be expected. But when Clifford so positively shirked his responsibility, Frank decided that it was up to him to step into the breach.

"Fellows," he said, "if I could get someone to lend me a real good outfit, I'd make the trip up there and find out what's the matter."

Everyone turned toward him in open-mouthed astonishment. Surely this was to be a night of surprises. Hollingshead expressed forcibly what all were thinking when he said, "What, you?"

"Yes," Frank answered greatly embarrassed. It was not very gratifying that he should be obliged thus openly to kiss the hand that had publicly smitten him on a number of occasions. In order to satisfy the demands of pride he continued with force nonchalance; "I have been wanting to go up in there anyway, so I might as well go now when I can kill two birds with one stone."

"Better think it over, Hansen," advised one. "This ain't no pleasure jaunt—this that you're figurin' on. It'll be a mighty hard journey from start to finish with prospects of being obliged to spend a long lonesome time at the other end. Sure as the world we'll have enough stormy weather to prevent you from returnin' for a while. Wouldn't surprise me none if it prevented you from gettin' that far back in the mountains."

"I'm not going for pleasure," Frank answered curtly.

"But, boy, you don't know what you're lettin' yourself in for," declared Hollingshead with spirit. "If you attempt to go up there the chances is your bones will be whitenin' in the sun next summer. Even supposin' the snow is froze enough to travel over with snow-shoes now, there's no tellin' at this time o' year how long it will stay that-a-way. Supposin' a blizzard, a heavy snow, or a heavy thaw should catch you out in them mountains it 'ud mean your death and no mistake, unless you was prepared to hold up comfortable for a considerable length o' time. And that's not sayin' anything about the pitfalls, snowslides, and half-starved critters you're likely to meet up with."

"Hollingshead is right," broke in Mr. Martin. "If anybody is to make that trip, let it be one who's purty well acquainted in these parts."

"Well, if I don't go, who will?" Frank asked bluntly.

For a long minute there was silence. It was clear no one cared to volunteer for so dangerous a mission.

"That settles it," declared Frank springing to his feet. "Will you men get me a good toboggan and load it with provisions and equipment I am likely to need? I'll be back ready to start in less than an hour."

"You'll surely not be startin' before mornin'?" asked Uncle Ben, awed into respect by this revelation of sterling manhood.

"You fellows know as well as I that there's a storm brewing. When it strikes us it will be too late to think about going for some time, according to what you yourselves have said. No—I won't wait. By morning I intend to be quite a step on my way." With that he flung himself out of the store.

It was more than twenty-four hours later that Frank, half-delirious

from exhaustion and exposure, staggered up through a blinding snowstorm to the door of Prospector's cabin.

"Hello there! Hello!" he shouted huskily. Then his heart sprang into his throat as he heard a joyful cry followed by the sound of light footsteps running across the room. "Thank heaven," he breathed, "she is safe!"

The bar was drawn, the door flung open, and there before him stood Madge in all her beauty and attractiveness. She sprang forward and threw her arms about his neck. "I knew you'd come. Oh, I knew you'd come," she exclaimed between sobs. There was so much love and longing in her dark brown eyes as she looked up into his face that it fairly made him giddy with happiness. He was on the verge of declaring his love for her, but as he stepped more fully into the light of the doorway he discovered that her expression had suddenly changed to one of surprise and disappointment. "Why—Why, it isn't Clif!" she lamented.

He staggered back as if struck in the face. To have brought disappointment to one for whom he had risked his life to bring relief and happiness was too much. Everything grew dim and swam before his unsteady gaze. He was not exactly certain as to what followed, for when he came to his senses, he was sitting on a bench before the fire with Madge doing her best to support him.

"You must be dead tired and nearly frozen after that terrible trip. If you can sit here for a minute, I'll get you something hot to drink."

Her concern made him feel ashamed of himself. What a fool he was. Of course, she had expected Clifford and would be disappointed when he did not come. He knew she wished him to explain the situation, but how was he to do so satisfactorily? By special request he carried a letter from Clifford addressed to her. Thinking that perhaps it would contain all necessary information, he took it from an inside pocket and when she returned with a steaming cup he handed it to her. "Here's a letter for you," he said simply.

The eagerness with which she seized and tore it open renewed his torture. "Why should the love of such a girl be thrown away on a worthless pup?" he asked himself. He might just as well have asked why he persisted in loving her when it was so evident that she cared not at all for him. He closed his eyes in weariness and waited for her to finish the letter. Suddenly he was startled and amazed by her asking: "Why, Mr. Hansen, whatever could have persuaded you to come out here at such a time?"

He opened his eyes and stared at her in utter astonishment.

"What could have persuaded me?" he began but could say no more.

"Why, yes. You see Clif says that he was about to come when he learned you were making a trip out near here, and as it was very hard for him to get away he made it worth your while to call and help us out."

"Did he say that!" exclaimed Frank springing to his feet in a rage.

"Yes, that is what I thought he said, but perhaps I might better read it again," she replied.

He did not wait for her to read the despicable lie a second time. It was plain that this was a trick employed to hide a yellow streak. That it had been cleverly done he was forced to admit, since it left him powerless. He could not hope to make Madge see through the deception and even if he could, what would be the use? Would she not continue to bestow her affections where once she had given them so wholeheartedly? Besides, he was too exhausted to engage in any extended explanation and so figured the quickest and best way would be to agree with what Clifford had written.

Regaining control of himself he said as calmly as possible; "Well, fact is I have been wanting to prospect up here for some time. Thought I might strike something rich. Didn't know it would be so difficult along the way, you see. But why the signal fire? What's the matter?"

With swift contrition she cried, "Oh, I forgot about Daddy. He has broken his leg, and it's in an awful condition. He says he doesn't believe it a bad break and if only properly set would soon be all right. But the bones have slipped past each other slightly and I am not strong enough to help him pull them back into place."

"That's certainly too bad," Frank said sympathetically. "But if it's as you say, I believe we'll be able to fix him up first rate. I'm not a bone specialist, but with your help I should be able to take care of a simple fracture. Where is your father? I think we'd better look after him at once."

"That's right, you are a half-way doctor, aren't you? I'm so glad because you'll know just how to do things."

She led the way to a corner of the room near the fire and pulled aside a blanket screen. There lay Mr. Sharp on a crudely constructed couch. He was evidently suffering acutely, although silently. Bending over him Frank made a thorough examination of the fracture as his limited skill and the swollen condition of the leg would permit. So far as he could tell, the case was largely as Mr. Sharp had diagnosed it. The femur had been broken half-way between the hip and the knee, and, due to the strong pull of the large leg muscles, the broken ends had slipped past each other. As a result the leg was terribly swollen and discolored. He knew full well how difficult the task of setting it would be, and felt in no condition for such an ordeal just now, yet it was something which had to be done. Straightening up, he spoke without looking at either Madge or her father.

"It must be done at once but first we need splints, bandages and—"

"We have them," interposed Madge eagerly. "Daddy told me how to cut the splints, the other things I got from most anything I could lay my hands on. It's all there," she said pointing to the foot of the couch. "You see we got everything ready and tried time and again to set it ourselves. Daddy held to those loops of rope which I spiked to the wall and I pulled on his leg but wasn't strong enough to pull it into place."

"Well," said Frank, as he arranged the needed paraphernalia so it would be easily available, "if your father will hold to those ropes again and if you'll help him there, I'll get hold of his foot at this end and I think we'll be able to do the trick."

It was a real task but was finally accomplished. The bone was set and as carefully and securely bandaged as was possible under the circumstances.

"I think that is the best we can do," Frank said.

"Oh, Mr. Hansen, how can we ever thank you?" cried Madge; and for an instant there was real appreciation for him in her eyes and voice. But this quickly changed to concern for her father who, after passing through so trying an ordeal, was left limp and almost lifeless. Together they rendered first aid until he recovered. Then as she busied herself in another room, he walked over to the fire and sank down full length in front of it.

He glanced wearily about him, then closed his eyes. Since he could not see Madge there was nothing to interest him here. Nothing but the interior of a typical log cabin, the like of which one could see any time by going to the right kind of movies. Every bone and muscle in his body ached. He was sick in body, sick in mind, sick at heart, almost sick enough to die, and since there was nothing to live for he considered it would be a pleasure to die. With such comforting thoughts he dropped off into a stupor of oblivion and delirium and knew no more for days. At times he was very ill. In a way he also knew who cared for him, since in all his mental wanderings he pictured Madge, in some guise or other, hovering about in an intangible, angelic manner. More than this he did not know.

To Madge his sickness was a revelation. It brought to light deep-seated feelings and powerful emotions which she was unaware she possessed. Ever since meeting him, Madge had rather liked Frank. Possibly this

friendliness might have developed into something stronger had it been allowed to run a natural course. But Mr. Sharp failed to approve of "that city chap," as he termed Frank, and so arbitrarily, almost automatically, Madge closed the door of her affections against him, and then, as if intuitively sensing her inability to keep it closed, had proceeded to erect so strong a barrier between them that no ordinary meeting would have broken it down.

But now as she worked over him day after day, trying to keep his spirit from passing beyond the shadows, and as day after day in her loneliness she listened to his delirious ravings in which he laid bare his genuine affection for her, the purely artificial barrier she had erected between them gradually melted away until only a ghost of it remained. That ghost was Clifford. She must be true to him; the one to whom she had pledged herself.

Her father, who lay in the next room with a rapidly healing leg, could not help knowing what was going on, yet he said nothing. He was affected more than he cared to admit by the evidence of Frank's feelings for his daughter. To him it rang true, so true that more than once he was forced to choke back the tears which came to his eyes. Still, pride and a feeling that he had meddled too much in his daughter's affairs already, prevented him from saying anything.

Madge was thus obliged to fight her battle by herself. With a nature such as her's, the outcome would have been very questionable had she not received convincing evidence of Clifford's cowardice and duplicity. This was a telling blow and before it she gave way entirely. From then on she fought and prayed for Frank's recovery with all the energy of her soul, and compelled those who had come in answer to her second signal fire to do likewise. There was nothing she wanted more desperately and she cared little who knew it. She refused to give him up even when there seemed no hope for his recovery.

Probably it was the subtle effect of this change in Madge's attitude which really did what medicine seemed unlikely to do, for under its stimulus he commenced to rally and after several days of sound sleeping, awoke one morning with the light of reason in his eyes. The one watching him, quietly left the room and gave the good news to those without. Madge, who had been forced into semi-relaxation, sprang to her feet and quickly tiptoed to his side.

When Frank opened his eyes he felt bewildered at finding himself in a low, cooped-up room with furs of various animals everywhere in evidence; on the walls, on the floor, and even acting as a covering for his unyielding bed. Within reach stood a stool covered with a nondescript assortment of medicine bottles, cups, spoons, etc. At the foot of his couch a small window let in a flood of bright sunlight. Looking through this, he could see the steep sides of white-clad mountains dotted thickly with pine trees whose branches drooped under a sparkling burden of snow. Small birds flitted about chirping gaily, and, as if coming from no great distance, he could clearly discern the heavy rush and gurgle of water. Why, where the deuce was he, anyway? As he glanced about the room again he saw Madge who had just entered.

"Why, Madge, er—I mean Miss Sharp, where am I?"

"You're here in Prospector's cabin. Don't you remember?" She asked, overjoyed at hearing him speak rationally for the first time in days.

"Oh—a—let me see. I seem to remember—yes, I do remember. I came in answer to your signal fire, helped set your father's leg, and—but say, how is your father?"

"Daddy? He's getting along fine. Says he intends to be looking after his traps soon."

"That's good," Frank replied.

"And how are you this morning?" she asked with concern.

"I? Oh, I feel fit as a fiddle. I'm mighty sorry though that I've been so much trouble, but just you wait a day or two and I'll be out of your way."

"Why, Frank—," then her voice trailed off into silence. She could not trust herself to speak further. But there was that in the way she had spoken which thrilled him as few things had ever done. He looked at her questioningly for a second, then closed his eyes before the vision he saw, determined to think things out and avoid arriving at a hasty or foolish conclusion. "It must be that pesky fever again, he muttered. "Yes, of course, it's the fever. That's the way she appears in my dreams and not in real life."

As he lay quietly with closed eyes he became aware of someone singing in another room. Evidently they were trying to sing as low as possible but still the strains came to him quite distinctly in sharps, flats, and discords. However, it was quite appealing since those furnishing the music were certainly in earnest. He listened to catch the words;

"When upon life's billows you are tempest-tossed,
When you are discouraged, thinking all is lost,
Count your many blessings, name them one by one,
And it will surprise you what the Lord hath done."

"Who is that singing?" he asked.

"It's Daddy, Mr. Martin, and Jacob Hollingshead. They are trying to celebrate your recovery. But isn't their singing just too funny for anything?"

"Did you say that Mr. Martin and Mr. Hollingshead are here? How does that come about?" he queried looking up in surprise.

"Well, you see when you became very sick, I built another signal fire and after the storm was over and the snow well frozen again, they came out to see what was the matter."

"And Clifford?" he asked, then glanced down in embarrassment.

"He remained behind as he did before and for the same reason. I know now what that reason is. I know also that you did not come out through that dangerous storm to prospect. You came to help us when no one else would run such a risk. Frank, you're fine—you're noble—" she broke down completely and dropping to her knees beside him, threw her arms about his neck and sobbed out convulsively: "You don't know how much you mean to me. Why—why, I couldn't live without you. Thank heaven you have been given back to me."

Frank could not answer. Words would not express his feelings. Reverently he put his arms around her and pressed her more closely to him.

In the other room a brittle tenor, husky baritone, and uncertain bass, were again swinging into the refrain of their song with a galloping rhythm. Yet they sounded the depths of at least two sympathetic souls as they sang:

"Count your blessings, name them one by one,
Count your many blessings, see what God hath done."

Magna, Utah.

Potato Production in Utah, by Prof. Geo. Stewart, agronomist, is the title of a circular (No. 58) issued December 2 by the Utah Agricultural Experiment Station. It considers a number of important factors of especial significance to potato growers of Utah. Particular attention has been given to these problems: factors in production, preparation of the seedbed, varieties to plant, cultivation, irrigation, diseases and treatment, harvesting, grading, storage, marketing, etc. Copies will be sent without charge to any resident of Utah who requests it. Address *Publications Division*, Utah Experiment Station, Logan, Utah.

JOSEPH SMITH, AND THE GREAT WEST

When Alfred Cumming, Once Governor of Utah
Tasted War's Bitterest Woes.

BY I. K. RUSSELL, AUTHOR OF "HIDDEN HEROES OF THE ROCKIES"

VIII

In our former article, in this series, we promised that the interesting chapter of Joseph Smith's connections with the Civil War should be left behind us, while we turned to a study of the British conflict for America's Far West, which preceded the "Mormon" thrust for its possession.

We cannot keep the promise then made. The reason is a fascinating book of 402 pages that goes by the title of *A Diary from Dixie*. It was published in 1905 in New York, and gives the finest picture I have yet encountered of life in the South while Stonewall Jackson, Sheridan, Johnston, Lee, Sherman, Stuart and Grant were fighting out the Civil War to its sad conclusion.

The *Diary from Dixie* was written by Mary Boykin Chestnut, and its pages bring back to life many old Utah friends, whose careers touched deeply both the lives of Brigham Young and Joseph Smith.

There is important new light in this diary on the most serious charge ever brought against the loyalty of the "Mormon" people. So we must pause with Mrs. Chestnut for a time. She was the wife of a brigadier general of the South, who at first was an aide on the staff of President Jeff Davis of the Confederacy. She lived close to the capitol, dined at the Jeff Davis table, led in the social life of the President's family group, and finally fled from Richmond in a box car with Mrs. Jeff Davis, keeping up an intimacy with her to the end.

One of the most interesting characters Mrs. Chestnut brings back to life for Utahns, after the Civil War had swallowed him up, is none other than our own good Colonel Thomas L. Kane, from whom Kane county, Utah, is named. He was the man who saved Utah from the sword and fire intended for it by Johnston's army. Mrs. Chestnut noted his arrival in Richmond at the head of a detachment of Pennsylvania Zouaves. He arrived a captive of Stonewall Jackson's, having been taken in battle valiantly fighting on Lincoln's side of the war.

Another character Mrs. Chestnut presents to us in a new light is John Floyd, the same from whom our Camp Floyd, in Utah, took its name. In our former sketch we told how General U. S. Grant won his first conspicuous honors on the field by investing

Fort Donelson and calling for its unconditional surrender when at last its commander came out to offer terms. We told how Grant wanted to capture the Southern commander for reasons connected with the Johnston's army affair. We told how Grant informed Buckner, the Southern Commander who came out in Floyd's place, that he would not have openly approached Donelson the way he did, except that he counted on Floyd's "bad conscience, which would make him a poor fighter" in a pinch. Grant left us the picture of Floyd becoming a fugitive in the night and fleeing from Donelson without giving battle. He had utterly won Grant's contempt, and the contempt, even, of the Southern commander who took his place. For Buckner felt compelled to tell Grant that there would have been no surrender except that Floyd, before running away, had made such a mess of it that Buckner was in no condition for more of a fight.

Floyd as Viewed in the South

It is from this point on that Mrs. Chestnut takes up the story of Floyd. She pictures the shame and the charge in the South felt at the cowardly conduct of this soldier and former Governor. She notes that Jeff Davis *removed him from command for cowardice*, and his total failure to protect Southern interests at the Donelson affair. Albert Sidney Johnston, the immediate superior of Floyd, was up for removal at the same time for the same cause. But it was finally decided to give him one more chance. He got that chance at Shiloh, and now we know that furious charge he led upon Sherman's force was a charge of personal desperation. He had to redeem himself from the cowardice of his troops, under Floyd, or he would follow Floyd into disgraceful elimination. He fought—and seemed to win, but bled to death from a tiny bullet through his foot. And so won a perpetual enshrinement in Southern sentiment.

But what a picture we get of Floyd—as a background from which to read his vicious and vigorous assault upon the good name of the people of Utah as a preface to sending them Johnston's army to use them up. Here we have him despised in the North as one who was not faithful to his trust as a Cabinet member—and despised in the South as a coward under fire and a quitter, unworthy of holding a command, because he would not fight it when most he ought to.

There are other characters of Utah interest. One of them is Howell Cobb, who just missed by one vote being president of the Confederacy in place of Jeff Davis. Howell Cobb played his role in Utah affairs, for one of the major scandals of Buchanan's time was the way money was lavished on the Utah expedition.

Howell Cobb's Odd Fate

It is now well established that the real purpose of the expedition was to dissipate Northern arms, munitions, and trained men, against

the day of a coming Secession. There was something more than arms and men dissipated by that long march to the Far West. Money was dissipated, too, from the U. S. Treasury. Even while he was in Utah consulting with Brigham Young, Captain Van Vliet, quartermaster officer of Johnston's army, was filing so many protests with Washington about ridiculous army contracts, and the vast waste of money in connection with them, that he was finally removed from his position and court-martialed for his protests.

Who was spending the money recklessly, and why? Here we turn up Howell Cobb, Secretary of the Treasury under Buchanan. We know that the Secretary of the Interior of Buchanan's cabinet surrendered to Grant at Vicksburg, that the Secretary of War became a fugitive in both North and South after Donelson,—and now we meet with the Secretary of the Treasury.

Sherman tells us about him, even before Mrs. Chestnut picks up his narrative; for on his march to the sea, Sherman settled down one cold, raw night in a negro's cabin and was conversing with an old negro woman, when told there was a better house farther along the road. He was very tired, but roused himself and went on, ordering up the headquarter's wagons and his staff members. Inside this house he stretched himself to rest in front of a log fire, when by its light he caught the name "Howell Cobb." It was embossed on the lid of a box. He made inquiries and found he was resting in the plantation of Buchanan's Secretary of War, and so he set fire to the whole place. He called in slaves and told them to load up on hams from the smoke house and corn from the granaries. He left orders to his own "bummers" to spare nothing, not even a fence rail.

The vote that kept Howell Cobb out of the Confederate presidency was that of James Chestnut, whose wife maintained her watch for us on him and others who had been minglers in Utah affairs. His pathway into the Confederacy was a very direct one from Buchanan days. He had been Governor of Georgia before he served Buchanan as Cabinet member. He attended in 1861 the constitutional convention which adopted the Constitution of the Confederacy. Thus he was with it from the start, as he had been before its start in spreading ill fame over the "Mormon" name in order to get an excuse for striking a covered blow at the North in 1857. But, even in the day it was struck, that blow was not entirely covered, despite the smoke-screen of anti-"Mormon" charges.

A hundred years of loyal service, with men and treasure spent freely in all our nation's wars, attest to the folly of this charge on which Secretary of War Floyd proclaimed the departure of Johnston's Army to Utah: "From the day they settled in the territory, the aim of the 'Mormons' has been to secede from the Union; their territory is settled exclusively by 'Mormons,' and they do not preserve even a semblance of obedience to authority."

But one person, at least, was not fooled by this camouflage of a motive, for in the *Atlantic Monthly* for March, 1859, a writer states: "Buchanan's idea in ordering the Utah expedition was to gag the North, and induce her to forget that she had been robbed of her birthright by forcing on the attention of the country other questions of absorbing interest."

Until this whole business of pro-slave strategy for the twenty years preceding the Civil War was uncovered, real motives could not be laid bare. But when I had gathered enough data to show that keeping Utah and California for slavery was a major purpose, even before the "Mormons" went west, it became of interest to re-check all who had fought the Church, as to what became of them during the Civil War.

Col. Price showed up quickly enough—as a Southern raider. Quantrill showed up as a reckless murderer and pillager. Col. Doniphan showed up as a Southern soldier and prisoner in a Northern camp,—and in fact all were accounted for, save Alfred Cumming, the Governor sent with Johnston's army to displace Brigham Young.

Brochus of Alabama

If his real object was to make a pro-slave center in the Far West, he would have to be a reliably Southern man. If the "runaway judges" who came to Utah and immediately got into furious quarrels with Brigham Young were sent to provoke quarrels, they would be men picked reliably from the Southern viewpoint.

With one more fleeting glance, therefore, at Howell Cobb, we can shift the center of this story for a moment to the Far West and the capitol of Brigham Young.

"We went to Congress," writes Mrs. Chestnut. "Governor Howell Cobb, who presides over that August body, put James Chestnut in the chair, and came down to talk to us. He told us why the pay of Congressmen was fixed in secret session and never divulged—to prevent the lodging house and hotel people from making their bills of a size to cover it all."

"Lawrence Keitt joined us," writes Mrs. Chestnut again on June 27, 1861. "Already he pronounces Jeff Davis a failure and his Cabinet a farce. He was fierce in his fault finding as to Mr. Chestnut's vote for Jeff Davis. He says Howell Cobb's common sense might have saved us."

But Howell Cobb's senses did not save them, and at the end, in 1865, Mrs. Chestnut records dismally:

"And now, ye rich men, howl for your misery is come upon you. By orders of Andy, the bloody-minded tailor, [President Andrew Johnson who succeeded Lincoln], nobody above the rank of colonel can take the benefit of the amnesty oath, nobody who owns over twenty thousands dollars, or who has assisted the Confederates. *Howell Cobb has been arrested.* Our

turn will be next, maybe. A Damocles' sword hanging over a house does not conduce to a pleasant life."

Cumming of Utah and a Prison Pen

That is the end of the story for Buchanan's Secretary of the Treasury. And Mrs. Chestnut has other paragraphs just as interesting. They concern Utah's one-time Governor, Alfred Cumming.

Who would think, for instance, that when Alfred Cumming came into Salt Lake City, and wept because he saw Utah's people fleeing from the rigors of war, leaving Salt Lake City's houses filled with straw, ready for a burning, he would very shortly become, himself a ragged refugee like them?

And that the very cause which brought him out to Utah would lead him down the stormy, rocky road to despair in the end? Yet Alfred Cumming went that way.

Before reglimpsing an item or two of his Utah life—let us consider the most famous of all the "runaway judges." This man was Perry E. Brocchus. We know that immediately upon his arrival in Utah, in 1851, he assailed the morals of "Mormon" women in a tabernacle address, and generally "stirred up a row." Brigham Young called on him formally to apologize. And whence came our Brocchus?

And why so anxious to break with the people he was coming to work with? We find the answer in one word. Brocchus,—appointee of a pro-slave president, came from *Alabama*. And if you want to know just how hateful a "Northern face" was to a gentleman from Alabama at that time, read Mrs. Chestnut's diary, as she scornfully writes of women "with hard northern faces and Yankee greed."

Just as Brocchus, the *agent provocateur* of the pro-slave cause, was from Alabama, so the Southern Governor sent to Utah was Alfred Cumming, of *Georgia*. It was a great and historic move to send him, for it was the final act in the drama of pro-slave intrigue in Washington. After Brigham Young broke Johnston's army with Col. Kane's aid, there were no more gestures in Washington in that kind of politics.

The North began to come to grips with the issue after that. In the meantime, Alfred Cumming reached Salt Lake, and proved himself a man of great heart, whose humanity was touched by conditions, and whose testimony was true to the facts as he found them.

When Governor Cumming gazed upon the fleeing Saints, there was a prophecy of Joseph Smith, involving his home state of Georgia, that awaited fulfilment. It was the prophecy that a disastrous war should soon be fought over the issue of slavery. With this prophecy hanging over his head, Governor Cumming wrote with a touched heart:

"The roads are everywhere filled with wagons loaded with provisions,

and household furniture, the women and children, often without shoes or hats, driving their flocks they know not where * * * I shall follow these people and try to rally them."

It was just a little glimpse of war to try his heart. And now let us follow Governor Cumming back to Georgia and through the affairs of the Civil War. Mrs. Chestnut writes, on March 24, 1864, when the end was drawing near:

"Yesterday we went down to the Capitol grounds in Richmond to see our returned prisoners. We walked slowly up and down until Jeff Davis was called upon to speak. There I stood, almost touching the bayonets, when he left me. I looked straight into the prisoners' faces, poor fellows. They cheered with all their might, and I wept for sympathy. These men were so forlorn, so dried up, so shrunken, with such a strange look in some of their eyes; others so restless and wild looking; others again placidly vacant, as if they had been dead to the world for years. A poor woman was too much for me. She was searching for her son. She said he was taken prisoner at Gettysburg. She kept going in and out among them with a basket of provisions she had brought for him to eat. It was too pitiful. The anxious dread, expectation, hurry, and hope which led her on showed in her face."

It is a dramatic situation in which Mrs. Chestnut brings our Utah's governor before our notice again. Here are glimpses of the time, the place, and the mood:

"Somebody counted fourteen generals in church today, and suggested that less piety and more drilling of the commands would suit the time better. There were Lee, Longstreet, Morgan, Hoke, Clingman, Whiting, Pegram, Elzey, Gordon and Bragg.

"Old Mrs. Chestnut is dead. A saint is gone. I gave \$375 for my mourning, which consisted of black alpaca dress and crape veil. With bonnet, gloves, and all it came to \$500. Before the blockade such things as I have would not have been thought fit for a chambermaid. Went out to sell some of my dresses.

"Mrs. Davis is utterly depressed. She says the fall of Richmond must come. We begged her to come to us with her children if it should."

And into the midst of this situation comes marching—Alfred Cumming of Georgia and Utah. The story is recorded thus:

"Maggie Howell and I went down to the river to see an exchange of prisoners. Our party were the Lees, Mallorys, Mrs. Buck Allan. Mrs. Ould. I had seen no genuine Yankees before; prisoners of the North: prisoners, well or wounded, had been German, Scotch, or Irish. Among our men coming ashore were many wounded and some were maimed for life. They were very cheerful.

"Governor Cumming, a Georgian, late Governor of Utah, was among the returned prisoners. He had been in prison two years. His wife was with him. He was a striking looking person, huge in size, and with snow white hair, fat as a prize ox, with no sign of Yankee starvation or barbarity about him."

Joseph Smith had prophesied there would be a disastrous war over slavery. And he said his people would become a mighty people in the Rocky Mountains. Governor Cumming came to the Rocky

Mountains to take a hand in the guidance of those people. Above is shown how God shaped his destiny and that of his own folks.

And to what depths did despair in Richmond come, while the "Mormons" were spreading out through the Rockies and building the Far West into a fine part of America's commonwealth? Mrs. Chestnut records, on April 19, 1865:

"Just now Mr. Clay dashed up stairs pale as a sheet, saying, 'General Lee has surrendered.' Quite beside herself, Mary shrieked, 'Now we belong to the negroes and Yankees. We will stay here. Why fly further? The Yankees are everywhere, like red ants. * * * Of our country we try not to speak at all.'"

President Neff at a Noted Luncheon

This picture was taken at a Pan-Pacific Club luncheon, January 25, which was given in honor of Supreme Abbot Sonyu Ohtani, head of the Shinto Buddhist sect in Japan, which sect is said to number ten million or more adherents.

Honolulu, from its position as "the cross-roads of the Pacific," is continually enjoying the visits of world-wide celebrities, and the Pan-Pacific Club, an organization composed of the business men of Honolulu, and other dignitaries, do the entertaining.



PREST. EUGENE J. NEFF, HAWAIIAN MISSION, WITH PAN PACIFIC CLUB

In the front row we have: President Eugene J. Neff of the Latter-day Saints Mission; Consul General Aoaki; Judge Sanford B. Dole, former president of the Hawaiian Republic; Supreme Abbot Sonyu Ohtani, and Doctor Philip Allen Swartz, Pastor of the Central Union Church (Calvinist).

President Neff is a leading member of the club, and through his connection with the same, the doctrine of the Church of Jesus Christ is receiving much desirable publicity.

THE HOME

A Study for the Advanced Senior Class M. I. A., 1925-26

LESSON XX—HOME MORTGAGES

I. The Lecture:

1. A mortgage is security for the payment of money or the performance of some other act, the interest passing to the mortgagee being regarded as a lien upon the real estate. It passes no interest or estate in the land except the lien, and the lien is an incident to the debt or the obligation which is thereby secured. If the obligation is not met, then under foreclosure proceedings the property mortgaged may be sold and the proceeds applied on the indebtedness.

2. The aim of every family should be to own a home free and clear from mortgage or other incumbrance. Society has recognized this fact and has, by law, thrown a protecting cloak about the homestead by exempting it from practically all claims. The general law exempting the homestead from execution is very similar in all of the states of the union. The Utah law furnishes a good example.

Section 2898—Laws of Utah, 1917, reads as follows: "A homestead consisting of lands and appurtenances, which lands may be in one or more localities, not exceeding the value with the appurtenances and improvements thereon the sum of one thousand five hundred dollars for the head of the family and the further sum of five hundred dollars for his wife, and two hundred fifty dollars for each other member of the family, shall be exempt from judgment, lien and from execution or forced sale, except as hereinafter provided."

The homestead, however, is subject to execution in satisfaction of the following claims when judgment has been secured.

Section 2907—Laws of Utah, 1917:

A. On debts secured by mechanics' or laborers' liens for work or labor done or material furnished exclusively for the improvement of the same.

B. On debts secured by lawful mortgage on the premises.

C. On debts created for the purchase thereof and for taxes accruing and levied thereon.

It can be seen, therefore, that the law has protected the homestead against all claims except for materials and work furnished in the construction of the home, on debts created for the purchase of the home and for taxes, and for a mortgage placed thereon.

The general law in practically all of the states grants to the wife a one-third interest in all property possessed by the husband during the marriage, and therefore a mortgage to be valid must be signed by the wife as well as the husband where the property is in the name of the husband.

Section 6406—Laws of Utah, 1917: "One-third in value of all the legal or equitable estates in real property possessed by the husband at any time during the marriage, and to which the wife has made no relinquishment of her rights, shall be set apart as her property in fee simple."

3. *Where a Mortgage is Advisable.*

It is seldom that a family starting out to secure a home has sufficient funds saved to pay for same out-right. Under such circumstances, where the payment for the home can be made in monthly installments, it is not objectionable to give a mortgage on the property to secure the deferred pay-

ments. In most instances the same money used to pay rent would make monthly payments on the purchase price of the home and in the course of a few years would completely liquidate both principal and interest owed thereon.

4. *Where Mortgage is not Advisable.*

One of the worst evils of modern life is the mortgaging of the home to raise money to satisfy passing fancies. Thousands of homes have been lost and the happiness of family life ruined through the mortgaging of the homestead to raise money to purchase automobiles, pianos, or to defray the expenses of trips to California or Florida. The home is a sacred institution; it is where we live and love and gain the sweetest joys of life. Its existence should not be threatened for any purpose other than its own creation and protection.

II. Thought Exchange.

1. Explain the homestead exemption law.
2. What is the wife's claim on real estate owned by the husband and not signed away by her?
3. Under what circumstance is mortgaging a home commendable?
4. Discuss the dangers of mortgaging a home for speculation.
5. Discuss mortgaging a home for luxuries: a. As to conditions of recklessness that permit it. b. The certain disastrous results.

III. Social Period: Debate, by two persons—man and woman—Resolved that it is better to own a home and rent an automobile, than it is to rent a home and own an automobile.

IV. Assignments and Announcements:

LESSON XXI—HOME CELEBRATIONS

I. The Lecture:

A. Suggestive Outline:

1. Why celebrations
 - (a) National?
 - (b) Church?
 - (c) Home?
2. Events deserving home celebrations:
 - (a) Those of general interest, (Christmas, Thanksgiving.)
 - (b) Those of special family interest, (Weddings, births, special achievements, homecomings.)
3. The program for home celebrations:
 - (a) Simple or elaborate provisions.
 - (b) Some essentials.

B. Some suggestive material:

1. *Celebrations are outward evidence of inward appreciation.*

The man who would rather work than celebrate the Fourth of July is unappreciative of American Liberty and, just to the extent that one fails to appreciate his country, just so far is he on the way to join the "man without a country."

Joseph and Mary who took Jesus to the temple to be blessed took him also to the Feast of the Passover or the celebration of the event of the deliverance of Israel from Egyptian bondage.

2. *Celebration is history in action.*

Celebration is a psychic pageant of national history, church history and family history.

3. *The first family celebration of record on earth was held in the family of the Father of the faithful.* See Genesis 21:8.

4. The creation of our earth was celebrated in heaven by the children of God and the universe itself shared in the enjoyment of the occasion, "When the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy." Job 38:7.

Home celebrations will be a part of the home before it becomes as heaven is or even as heaven was when we were there.

5. *Christmas leads.*

Of all events the birth of Jesus has first claim to worthiness for home celebration. This event was celebrated in heaven and by the universe. An angel choir, of no doubt mixed voices, extended heavenly music to earth and stars and stood forth with a brightness that kept night at bay over half a world.

6. *Thanksgiving Day.*

Thanksgiving day has become one of joyous expectancy. It awakens thoughts of home. It spells plentitude and calls for gratitude. It is a time for the unusual singing of this one sentence, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

No Thanksgiving day celebration fills the mission for which it was inaugurated without some exercise in which the home is linked to heaven.

7. *The Wedding Day—The birth of a kingdom.*

Once in a decade is as often as society suggests its celebration, but it may with propriety claim annual recognition in the home by some especially thoughtful consideration.

"Remembrance of the wedding day
Holds wrinkles and old age at bay."

Wedding celebrations are of record as events of no small importance. He who has moved the world as no other has was a prominent participant—Jesus was there; his mother was there.

A latter-day Saint wedding is the beginning of a kingdom. It is more than an experiment as some weddings are.

8. *Birthday celebrations.*

The rule is that the more celebrated the greater the celebration. Every member of the family is more or less celebrated in the home, none are zero in celebrating. There is domestic deficiency where the birthday of any member of the family passes by without family notice. Special remembrance of birthdays in a family fosters family loyalty, encouraging family pride and makes for the development of self-respect in the individual members of the family.

Home birthday celebrations, be they ever so simple, are comforting to parents and encouraging to children. A birthday gift carries with it the essence of a celebration and especially so when it is the gift of the group.

9. *Family Achievements.*

Family achievements may profitably be celebrated. The return of a missionary with an honorable release is no small event in a family circle. Graduation from college by a member of a family is an achievement reflecting high credit on the entire family. It will pay the home to make the occasion one of special rejoicing. The day on which the final payment for a home or the lifting of a mortgage is a Jubilee occasion.

10. *Family Homecomings.*

This is a rally of relatives to enjoy, to organize, to generously give and graciously receive confidence, kindness, courtesy. To rejoice over their ancestry and the family ties that make them one. To plan for the progress of the group.

Family home comings date back to the first family. See Doctrine and Covenants 107:53-56.

We should have more home comings that are not responses to funeral calls.

11. *Home Celebration Program.*

Home celebrations may be simple or elaborate, ranging all the way in this regard from the birthday dinner to the diamond wedding celebration.

Provisions should be made for a stream of family reminiscence. The display of family souvenirs. A room may be decorated with pictorial family history. Song should find place on the program and a sketch of family history is always in order. Family pageants are of great value to any family group. Make celebration programs a part of written family history, a matter for the family historian's special care.

II. The Thought Exchange:

A. Suggested Questions and Problems:

1. What advantage has a boy or girl whose birthday is celebrated over one whose birthday passes by unnoticed in the family?
2. Discuss the effect of wedding day remembrances:
 - (a) On the husband and wife.
 - (b) On the young people of the home.
3. Discuss the probable good and possible bad effects of a family custom of cooperative or joint birthday gifts to members of the family.
4. How about producing and adopting a family song?
5. Describe the first home coming of record on the earth.

B. Questions and problems presented by class members.

III. Sociability Exercises.

A. Wedding day reminiscences.

B. Childrens' sayings.

IV. Assignments and Announcements.

Benediction.

LESSON XXII—HOME CONFIDENCES

I. The Lecture:

1. Definition.

- a. According to the dictionary definition, confidence implies trust, reliance, belief, faith.
- b. Lord Chatham declared: "Confidence is a plant of slow growth."
- c. Jeremiah exclaims, in one of his expostulations on the instability of Judah: "Why gaddest thou about so much to change thy ways? * * * for the Lord hath rejected thy confidences, and thou shall not prosper in them." 2:37.
- d. Isaiah: "In quietness and confidence shall be your strength." 30:15. "The Lord shall be thy confidence." 3:2-6. "In the fear of the Lord is strong confidence." 14:26.
- e. Paul: "Having confidence in you all, that my joy is the joy of you all." 2 Cor. 2:3.
- f. First Epistle of John, 3:18-24, also 5:14.

There is no better way to create confidence in a home, and among home people, than the way here pointed out by the wise men who have given the subject thought. In addition: Always tell the truth and keep your word.

2. In the home, above all, implicit confidence should be placed in sayings and doings of its inmates. Children should have confidence in parents; and parents in children. There the heart and its inmost secrets may be

safely deposited in trust, with perfect faith that no infringement or violation shall ever invade or humiliate, destroy, embarrass or ridicule. To this end home life should be made beautiful, without and within. There should be implanted in the hearts of children kindness, sincere honesty in word and deed, and fidelity and loyalty to duty and obligations, and adherence to right.

3. Home is the center of joy. Confidence of the inmates in one another is the seed from which all will reap a rich harvest of happiness and virtue, a constant inspiration for good and a constant restraint from evil. Wife, tell your husband. Husband, tell your wife the problems of your joys and troubles. What each craves and most desires is confidence. Without it love is never free from shadow. Children, counsel with your parents, whether you are in ignorance, doubt, trouble or joy. It will calm your troubled hearts, and bring you peace. Light will come to your darkness. Here the father presides in love and manly dignity.
4. Home is the place for the child to ask questions on sacred thoughts, and to be told what it wants to know in love and sympathy. Home should have its sacred Sabbath, and its family altar of prayer; of services and confidences, around which one's most sacred memories may cling.
5. Here the wife and mother may lay bare her heart's desire to father, son and daughter, and be sure that no confidence will be revealed to ears without the circle. Here children are quick to perform little courtesies and acts of attention to their elders, and where they are as quick to show appreciation. They place the arm chair for mother; the footstool for grandma, and are apt to show a score of little kindly deeds, indicating true tenderness and love in their hearts for their parents and elders, and their acts are met by smiles and appreciation. All of which tends to growth of confidence so strong that no untoward act may break it.
6. Here children are shown by precept to speak kindly to one another; to acknowledge favors with courtesy and grace; to be gentle and unselfish; thoughtful and considerate of all the inmates. The boys, imitating the father's courteous demeanor, will be chivalrous and helpful to their sisters. The girls, imitating the mother, will be patient and gentle, even when big brothers are noisy and headless. There are no angry voices, no sullen children, but a delightful, unmistakable atmosphere pervades the home. It is such a home that the Master spoke of when he said: "And into whatsoever house ye enter, first say: Peace be to this house. And if the son of peace be there, your peace shall rest upon it." Luke 10:5.

II. The Thought Exchange.

1. Suggested questions and problems:
 - a. Select from the quotations given the best definition of confidence.
 - b. Discuss the meaning of the statement, (I John 3:21): "Beloved, if our hearts condemn us not, then have we confidence toward God." Apply that to the family.
 - c. In your opinion, how does home life, made beautiful within and without, engender confidence?
 - d. What is your idea of telling your wife or your husband about your troubles and joys, and confiding your financial difficulties and successes to each other?
 - e. Discuss this sentence from Washington Irving: "No man knows what the wife of his bosom is; no man knows what a ministering angel she is, until he has gone with her through the fiery trials of this world."
 - f. How does courtesy to one another in the family create confidence?
 - g. Discuss this statement: "Parents should be careful to talk with their children; to enter into their life, and to share their trifles, assist in their studies, and meet them in their thoughts and feelings of childhood."

- h. Discuss conversation—the talking over of the events of the day in bright and quick display of wit and fancy, as one of the best of home amusements.
 - i. What do you think of setting apart one evening a week for meeting with your family to discuss home affairs, gospel themes, and engaging in games and conversation?
 - j. What is the inner meaning of the Master's words: "Peace be to this house?"
2. Suggested questions by the class.
- III. Sociability Exercises.
Come prepared to give a sentiment on confidence in the home. Give an original sentiment.
- IV. Assignments and Announcements.

NOTICE: The 23rd lesson will be a requirement of the members of the class to write a prize set of Ten Home Rules, by each member; and the 24th lesson will be a grand "At Home Program," prepared by the class, or by any committee that may be selected by the class.

Mother is Praying For You

Wherever your lot may be cast, my dear boy,
 There is one thing I wish you to know;
 You must live a good life that is clean and true.
 For we reap all the sorrow we sow.
 And when you are gone from the nest, my dear boy,
 Be honorable, manly and true;
 Though troubles beset you they'll vanish again,
 For your mother is praying for you.

Chorus:

You've a home, sweet home, so remember it, lad,
 Though your feet may oft wander afar;
 Remember the counsel you got in the home,
 And obey it wherever you are.
 And whether you're out where the billows may roar,
 Or seriously sick with the flu,
 Just keep up your courage, though dark seems the day,
 For your mother is praying for you.

Every act of your life that is pure and true
 Will delight your dear mother at home.
 The world is a net of deception and sin,
 So be careful wherever you roam.
 Be humble and prayerful yourself, my dear lad,
 And be guarded in all that you do;
 And you are sure to come out on top, my boy,
 For your mother is praying for you.

Menan, Idaho.

ELSIE M. LARSEN.

YE SHALL ANSWER FOR YOURSELVES

BY PRESIDENT JAMES E. TALMAGE, OF THE BRITISH MISSION

In the early history of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, when its membership was small but scarcely less heterogeneous than at present, Joseph Smith the Prophet gave a very impressive and significant answer to a simple question. An investigator remarked that the organization was made up of people from all quarters of the earth, representing many nations and divers traditions, and asked how the Church authorities managed to govern such a composite body. The memorable reply was "We teach them correct principles, and they govern themselves."

The basal fact involved in this declaration is expressive of the system of government operative in the Church today. There is naught by way of compulsion within the Church, as of right there ought to be freedom in matters of worship amongst all men. Authority in the holy Priesthood is to be exercised only in the spirit of justice, associated with mercy and love; and every member of the Church is as free to withdraw as he was to enter. Upon himself rests the responsibility for either step.

The coherency of the Church is a matter of comment, speculation and wonder to observant non-members. They see a highly organized body, all parts of which work in unison, the status of membership entailing sacrifice and renunciation of much that may have been held dear, together with active cooperation in a system of service that knows no idlers, and all this without any compelling power except the consciousness of individual duty and voluntary submission to the laws of the Church, in the administration of which every one has a voice.

Ample explanation is found in that profound fact of individual consciousness. The organized Priesthood is the embodiment of authority given of God, but the human bearers of that high commission minister in their sacred offices according to a revealed order, which all members voluntarily and with strong purpose uphold. Counsel takes the place of command, and enlightened obedience prevails over blind servility.

Every member must have a personal conviction of the divine origin of the organization as The Church of Jesus Christ, re-established upon the earth in these last days; otherwise he is a member in name only. Every one must know that no priest, elder or apostle can stand between him and his God, to condone sin or facilitate salvation upon any other terms than those of individual compliance with the laws and ordinances of the gospel prescribed by Jesus Christ.

The officers established in the Primitive Church—apostles, prophets, evangelists, elders, pastors, teachers, etc.—are as truly needed today as of old and their purpose is equally essential: "For the perfecting of the saints for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ" (Eph. 4:11-12).

Each must know for himself that Jesus is the Christ, the son of the living God, the resurrected Lord, whose name is the only name under heaven whereby men may attain salvation. Every man's conviction must be as certain as was that of Peter, who, with the full fervor of his soul, avowed to his Lord: "Thou art the Christ, the son of the living God."

How had Peter come into possession of this knowledge of greatest worth? The Lord's rejoinder, full of blessing and assurance, gives answer: "Blessed art thou, Simon Barjona: for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven." Read Matt. 16:13-17.

The source from which Peter derived the knowledge that made him one of the wisest of men is the source from which our individual conviction of the truth must come; and every one must secure it for himself, by rendering obedience to the requirements of the gospel as Peter had done.

The testimony of the truth is not to be had for the idle asking, nor to be bought with money. Though priceless, it is made accessible to all, rich or poor, learned or illiterate. The terms are those summarized by the Master while in the flesh in answer to disturbed queries as to the authority whereby he spake: "My doctrine is not mine, but his that sent me. If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself" (John 7:16-17).

The scriptures are definite in affirming that in the judgment of souls each shall be answerable for his own deeds or misdeeds, his personal sins of omission or commission. Justice demands that to every soul the saving testimony of the Christ shall be accessible.

The solidarity of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is primarily dependent upon the possession of individual assurance of its genuineness by every soul belonging thereto; and the bond that holds its members together is this common testimony, which no man can give nor take away.

Prize Offered for a Short Play

The *Improvement Era* offers \$35 and a gold medal for a short one-act play. Open to all who may wish to write. For particulars see *March Era*, p. 509, or write to the editor, 47 East South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

PRAYER

Dedicating the Lands of South America to the Preaching of the Gospel

BY ELDER MELVIN J. BALLARD, OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE,
CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

On December 25, 1925, at 7 o'clock a. m., in a Grove of Weeping Willow Trees, near the bank of El Rio De La Plata, in the Park 3 De Febrero, Buenos Aires, Argentina, South America. Present were also Elders Rulon S. Wells and Rey L. Pratt of the First Council of Seventy.

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed by thy name. In the name of Jesus Christ, thy well beloved Son, we, thy servants, approach thee on this beautiful Christmas morning in this secluded spot, in the city of Buenos Aires, Argentina, South America; in a land far distant from our mountain home, but in a country which thou hast called a part of the land of Zion.

We are very thankful for our safe arrival, after a voyage of twenty-one days on the seas, without a moment's sickness. We do acknowledge that thou didst temper the elements for our good, and that thy protecting care has been over us in our travels, both on the land and on the sea. And for health and strength to labor for thee and thy cause.

We are grateful that we have been chosen by thy servant, President Heber J. Grant, to come to this great land of South America, to unlock the door for the preaching of the gospel to all the peoples of the South American nations; to search out the blood of Israel that has been sifted among the Gentile nations, many of whom, influenced by the spirit of gathering, have assembled in this land.

Put thy Spirit into their hearts, that they may receive us, as true messengers sent of God, for their salvation. Help us to labor for them with the same spirit in us that he had who loved men so that he died for them, that we may effectually "call, persuade and invite" men to come unto Christ. We thank thee for the few who have received us, and for those we had the joy of taking into the waters of baptism in this land. May they be the first fruits of a glorious harvest.

We pray that we may have the opportunity to present to the people, the message which thou hast sent us to deliver, namely: That angels, sent by thee, have visited the earth in this dispensation, bringing to man again the everlasting gospel. That John the Baptist did visit the Prophet Joseph Smith, upon whom he conferred the authority to baptize. That Peter, James and John did ordain him an apostle of the Lord Jesus Christ, and endow him with the keys of the holy Priesthood, with authority to baptize with fire and the Holy Ghost, and to organize the Church of Jesus Christ again in the earth. That Moroni, thine ancient prophet of the Americans, did visit Joseph Smith, and delivered into his hands the plates containing a history of the early inhabitants of this land; and by thy power Joseph Smith did translate the characters on the plates, from which he obtained the Book of Mormon. And that he was visited by thee and thy beloved Son, who committed into Joseph's hands a great and new Gospel Dispensation for all flesh. We are thankful that we are the bearers of these glad tidings to the peoples of the South American nations.

And we also pray that we may see the beginning of the fulfilment of thy promises contained in the Book of Mormon to the Indian of this land, who is a descendant of Lehi, millions of whom reside in this country, who have long been downtrodden, and have borne many afflictions and suffered

because of sin and transgression, even as the prophets of the Book of Mormon did foretell. But thou didst inspire these prophets to promise their descendants that thou wouldst bring forth, in the latter days, the records of their fathers; and that when these records were presented to their children, they would begin to believe, and when they would do this, thy favor would return to them; and then thou wouldst remember the promises made to their fathers, that if their descendants would repent and receive the gospel, they would begin to be prospered and blessed on the land, and would again become a white and delightsome people. O Father, let thy Spirit work upon them, and manifest the truth of these things unto them, as we, and thy servants who shall follow us, shall bear witness of thy precious promises unto this branch of the house of Israel.

Father, bless thy Church in all the earth; continue to guide those whom thou hast called to lead it with the wisdom and power to direct it forward to fulfil its great mission in the earth. Sustain thy servants who labor as missionaries in all parts of the world, that they may have the opportunity and power to warn all men that the hour of judgment approaches; and that thou hast offered, through the gospel, a means of escape from the calamities that shall come upon all flesh unless they repent.

Remember in mercy the "hope of Israel," the youth of thy Church, who are to bear the responsibilities of the future, that they may keep themselves clean and undefiled from the sins of the world; that they may be found worthy of their inheritance and come to their glorious destiny. Bless those who are their shepherds, the watchmen upon the towers of Zion, that they may guard well the flock, and be able to feed with the bread of life the sheep and the lambs.

We present for thy kind consideration the members of our own families, from whom we are separated, who, now and in times past, have sacrificed much, that we may carry the gospel to the children of men. May health and life attend each one, and the good cheer thy Spirit brings be with them, and above all keep them from sin, and bless them with faith in thee and thy gospel.

Bless the presidents, governors and leading officials of these South American countries, that they may kindly receive us, and give us permission to open the doors of salvation to the peoples of these lands. May they be blessed in administering the affairs of their several offices, that great good may come unto the people; that peace may be upon these nations that thou hast made free through thy blessings upon the valiant liberators of these lands; that righteousness may obtain, and full liberty for the preaching of thy gospel prevail. Stay the power of evil that it shall not triumph over thy work, but that all thine enemies shall be subdued and thy truth be triumphant.

And now, O Father, by authority of the blessing and appointment of thy servant, the President of the Church, and by the authority of the Holy Apostleship which I hold, I turn the key, unlock and open the door for the preaching of the gospel in all these South American nations, and rebuke, and command to be stayed, every power that would oppose the preaching of the gospel in these lands. And we do bless and dedicate these nations, and this land for the preaching of the gospel. And we do all this that salvation may come to all men, and that thy name may be honored and glorified in this part of the land of Zion.

Help us to bring men to thee and to thy Son, and speed the day when he shall come to rule as King of kings and Lord of lords. And for all thy blessings which shall bring success to our labors, we shall ascribe honor, and power, and glory to thee, forever and ever. Amen.

In connection with the offering of the foregoing prayer, the following

hymns were sung: "The morning breaks, the shadows flee," "Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning," "An angel from on high," and "Praise to the man who communed with Jehovah."

President Rey L. Pratt read from the Book of Mormon; I Nephi 13; II Nephi 31, and III Nephi 21; and President Rulon S. Wells read from the Bible, Genesis, 49:22-26.

Each of the brethren spoke briefly concerning their mission here, and of their willingness to do their best to establish this mission; of their perfect love for one another, and for the work of the Lord. They blessed one another, and felt that, as the result of opening this mission, many Europeans in this land would receive the gospel, but that ultimately the great import of the mission would be to the Indians, the descendants of father Lehi, and that this was a momentous day. A wonderful spirit was present, which visibly affected us all, and our joy expressed in tears was manifest.—*M. J. B.*

My Prayer

Father, I thank thee for the Light I know;
 The opportunity I have to live and grow;
 The gospel truth restored to earth again;
 The good I see in children, women, men.
 Dear Lord, I ask thee to let me be
 Ever a willing servant unto thee.
 Help me to grow, to gain, to serve, to love
 My fellow men sincerely; to improve
 My talents: use them where I can
 In service to my God and fellow man.
 I ask for wealth that I may *have* to give
 To poor and sick, and help all men to live
 A better, cleaner; happier, joyful life;
 To face their struggles and the sin and strife;
 And fight them bravely as through life they go.
 I ask for education: power to know
 And understand thy great eternal laws,
 That I may live and teach them; without pause
 For thinking of the past; without regret
 Of sorrows, trials and hardships I have met,
 Help me to see thy hand in everything;
 To be as happy as a bird in Spring;
 To set a good example of the right;
 To keep my face turned upward to the light.
 I ask that I may learn to live and be
 Each day more nearly perfect, more like thee;
 Forgetting self in my own great desire
 Of helping others reach the goals up higher.
 I do not ask the honor, fame of men,
 I only ask to serve them, Lord. Amen.

Red Mesa, Colorado

BESSIE BURNHAM

WHERE THE ENDS OF THE EMPIRE MEET

BY PROF. H. R. MERRILL OF THE BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

The "Mormon" Church, on a smaller scale, has been almost as much of a melting pot as the United States itself. While the Church has not gathered as many nationalities, perhaps, as the government, it certainly has melted the ones it has gathered into a more



TWO SENIORS WITH THE B. Y. U. COUGARS

Left: Geo. K. Lewis, Arizona; right, Edwin Potter, Idaho

homogeneous lump than the government has succeeded in doing. A "Mormon" is a Christian citizen of the government with all the ideals of a Christian as well as the ideals of a citizen.

This melting pot of the Church extends over the entire world,

but it is more consolidated, or the ingredients are more concentrated in the inter-mountain region—a vast empire extending almost from the eastern slope of the Rockies to the western rim of the Great Basin, and from northern Canada, on the north, to central Mexico, on the south.

The ends of this vast region have met at Brigham Young University. These sons and daughters of the pioneers who did so much towards building the West, have in their hearts still a romantic love for the old order of things, when cowboy and rancher were the lords of the land. This reverence for the glory of the golden West has manifested itself this year as well as last in the costume adopted by the seniors to distinguish themselves from the other class men. Last year they selected a wide hat and a lumberjack shirt of the loudest black and white pattern obtainable; this year they selected a wider hat and a lumberjack shirt of many colors.

The parent Church school has become the melting pot of the melting pots. Not only is the Church territory represented at the institution, but this year a number of the missions are also represented. These young people from all parts of the Church territory are learning to like one another; they marry each other. In this way the solidification goes on.

It was no doubt an outburst of this same romantic love of the old West by these representatives of this vast western empire that inspired Coach E. L. Roberts and the athletes to term themselves the Cougars. The Cougar is a part of the empire. He is a native of the mountain region; he is a romantic figure wherever seen. His tawny color, his sleek build, his self-reliance, his cleverness, all go to make him a genuine figure of the West.

It was but natural, after the name was selected, for these youths of the range and the open spaces, of the lumber camps and the cow camps, to wish they had a real cougar at the university. The wish was father to the act. Word was issued to the alumni of the institution who have gone back to the lumber camps, the ranges, and the open spaces, that a mascot was desired.

Out of the South, in January, came a letter from a former student, an old time editor of the "*Y*" *News*, then *The White and Blue*, stating that some cougars had been caught and he would be able to secure one or two for the university. A message burned the wires to Kanab, almost before the letter had been read through, ordering a pair of the cougars.

The cougars arrived in due time accompanied by an alumnus of the institution and instructions as to how the cougars were to be handled in order that the "school boys" might not get hurt. The "old-timers" evidently had forgotten that, as in the old days, the school is swarming with men from the fringes of the empire as wise, as self-reliant, as agile as the cougars themselves.

This article is accompanied with a photograph of two seniors, dressed in their "tribal" costume, fondling the newest arrivals from the outskirts of the inter-mountain region. It chanced that the man on the left and the cougars are from Arizona; the man on the right is from Idaho. All four are westerners; but all four are now happily enjoying life together at one great institution where the ends of the empire have met.

When the empire builder, Brigham Young, founded here the institution that bears his name, he hoped that just this would happen: that the young people from all of the settlements which he was causing to be established would come together to study common problems, in order that they might go out and build a homogeneous community on the swelling sides of a thousand hills and on the sage-brush floors of as many valleys.

That President Young's dream—or shall we call it vision—is being realized is indicated by the fact that from the school that bears his name, this year more than two hundred fifty trained Latter-day Saints will go out into the ends of the empire to carry on the inspiration and to scatter the information they have received at the Church school center.

Provo, Utah

Dream, O Youth

Oh, Youth,

Through the half open door of years,
Behold the wraith-like imagery
Of present dreams and hopes and fears
That soon must be reality.

And Know

The present coins the future's gold;
The mint of time runs true;
If dross you place within the mould
A counterfeit returns to you.

Then Choose

To place naught but the purest ore,
Within life's crucible;
For when there's testing time no more
Alloy is inexcusable.

But Dream—

For dreams are not mere fallacies,
But stepping stones, forsooth;
Old age must have its memories,
So dreams are given youth.

Sigurd, Utah

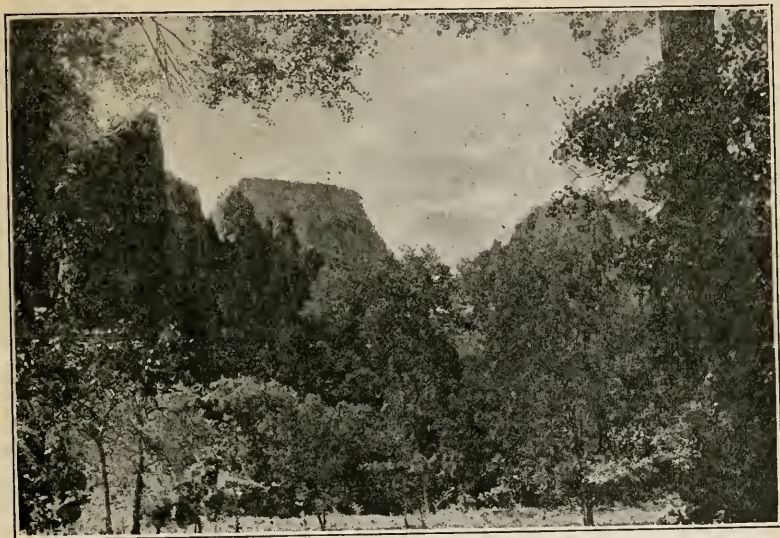
IRVIN L. WARNOCK

THE WOMAN ON THE ROCK

An Impression Received in Zion National Park

BY MRS. GRACE WHARTON MONTAIGNE

The aesthetic pleasure of a place of beauty is enriched when, added to the beauty by which it is endowed by Nature, is that other beauty of a life lesson taught in its setting.



THE TEMPLE OF SINIWAVA, ZION NATIONAL PARK

I am indebted to the Woman on the Rock for this added touch.

* * *

I motored into Zion National Park one sunny Summer afternoon, on one of the many excursions I have taken to that entrancing spot, and knowing the time of day to get a certain light effect in a photo I sought, promptly at that hour I was busily engaged in setting up my camera and composing the picture.

In approaching the spot selected, I had merely noticed in a hasty glance from the rear that a person was sitting on a rock near to where I must set up my instrument. The symphony of form, the harmony of colors, the blend of twig and branch with leaf and grassy sward, pierced by the nearby jutting rocks of foreground, and the middle distance of the canyon's wall, flanked on the west by the rear view of Angel's Landing, led the eye naturally to that mountain of majesty which the distance empurpled, so fittingly designated "The Great

White Throne." Masses of fleecy clouds were drifting over the expanse of delicate azure which canopied the whole, adding to the charm of its attractiveness. Two massive tree trunks framed the view, with leaves dropping from above—this was the scene I sought to record on the photographic plate.

Ever as I worked an impression stole into my consciousness to glance more deliberately at the only other person present.

The first glance disclosed a woman sitting on a rock, with an ooze calf, moire silk-lined volume (evidently of Nature verse) in her hand, betokening culture and refinement; her status in the world had been worn long enough to have become an unconscious part of her bearing. And yet, as if what I had observed were imperfectly done, and my monitor were dissatisfied with my endeavor, the message returned, "Look again, and look well, for you are about to—."

I looked again most deliberately, fixedly, almost rudely, and saw.

Before me was the Woman on the Rock, who was then and there in that position about to impart to me her message, her life lesson learned. For at her side I saw a pair of crutches—her left limb was amputated at the hip! But oh, the wondrous calm, the abiding peace, the beautiful serenity that encompassed that woman! Her affliction had dropped away, so perfect was her at-one-ment with her surroundings. She was fully immersed in the currents of the infinite then flowing through her being, and made whole. The poise of person, the contentment with her lot, the resignation in perfect, abiding, trustful faith in what was to follow, was beautiful to see. The perfect completeness of the Woman on the Rock, despite her affliction, showed that she had risen above it; that it was no more than a rent in a garment about to be cast off. All this sank in as I absorbed the message of the Woman on the Rock.

Several years before, she, her husband, and their two children, were journeying by rail, when a terrible accident suddenly took her husband away from her before her eyes; she herself received the injury I saw; but, added the Woman on the Rock, with fervent, though solemn, thankfulness. "My boy and girl were miraculously spared to me."

Again that wondrous calm, that beautiful peace, that perfect serenity! The note of sadness that was registered in voice and eye as the tragic death was recalled, faded upon mention that her brood was spared to her; then did I see that outward beauty, the beauty of the eye and the senses, evidenced by a pleasing scene in blend of leaf, twig, rock and sky, even though a perfect symphony, was a lesser beauty than the wonderful beauty of motherhood—an afflicted mother rising above her sorrow. Sweet are the uses of adversity when nobility of character is built upon them.

The charm of the spot in Zion National Park as viewed from

the floor of the Temple of Siniwava was this day enhanced by a greater beauty.

A car of expensive make, parked nearby, told me that the other members of her party had gone on ahead, over the toilsome path she could not tread, to view the "Narrows." I knew of a shady little bower just behind the Temple of Siniwava, formed by some wild grape vines intertwined among the tree trunks; and leaving the Woman on the Rock alone with her meditations and her blessings, I crept into the retreat to ponder what I had seen and heard.

The beauty of the spot showed God's handiwork as manifest in visible Nature; the beauty of the character of the Woman on the Rock was transcendent, an exquisite beauty surpassing the material; the one appealed to the eye, the other to the mind. Meditating on these thoughts there came to me the prayer which Emerson places in rank next to the Lord's Prayer, that prayer on Beauty which was the outpouring from the soul of Socrates, when he and his companion Phaedrus walked without the gates of the city of Athens, to where the plane trees rose in a clump above the grassy banks, and there, lying on the carpet of verdure beside the little stream, he atoned for a statement he had just uttered by delivering himself of that apotheosis which is the most perfect tribute to Beauty (the transcendent beauty of the soul) ever uttered:

"Beloved Pan, and all ye other gods who haunt this place, Give me beauty in the inward soul; And may the inward and the outward man be at one; Grant that I may reckon the wise to be the wealthy, And may I have such a quantity of gold as none but the temperate may carry."	Then turning to Phaedrus he asked: "Want we anything more, for that prayer is enough for me?" To which Phaedrus replied: "Ask the same of me, for friends should have all things in common."
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As I reclined there busily intent on these thoughts, through the interstices of the bower stealthily crept a mother chipmunk, foraging in her mild and harmless way for the young she bore; timid, dainty, not armed to harm, but under need, compelled by the urge that antedates civilization.

Through the open doorway I heard the exultant and savage cry of a bird of prey, with quarry newly captured, as a mother kite labored upward to a far-flung aerie, bearing in her talons a squirming and wriggling rodent—food for a different kind of brood from the other mother's, this mother armed to fight and rend and kill.

Each mother supporting her brood—the chipmunk after her way, and the kite after hers—and each mother saying in her way of speech, as did the Woman on the Rock, "I am thankful my little brood is saved to me."

Just then chatty voices broke my reverie, as a group, headed by a boy and a girl, filed past, intently absorbed in recounting what they had seen.

"And Robert," said the girl, "isn't it thrilling to tell Mother that the 'Narrows' may be spanned from cliff to cliff by three of us with outstretched arms. A gorge cut from solid rock by flowing water;" (and then she added as if in after thought) "what eons that task took!"

Aye, children, and for like eons have mothers lived for their broods, your mother, the Woman on the Rock, the two mothers I had just seen foraging, all mothers from the advent of Man in the Scheme of Things down through the period when this gorge was fashioning. That long, and to continue to the last, have broods been reared, by mothers who forgot their afflictions, their anguish, even the tragedy of sudden woe, in cherishing the thought, with hearts overflowing with joy, that, befall what may, their solace was the comfort that left to them those in whom they lived and moved and had their being—the beauty of Motherhood which transcends all beauty, exemplified in the calm, the poise, the serenity, the beauty of character of that mother, the Woman on the Rock, who gave me this message on the floor of the Temple of Siniwava in Zion National Park.

"'Tis a place where men grow silent
* * * * and devotees kneel in prayer."

Delta, Utah

Having no Vision, They Perished

BY O. B. PETERSON, FORMER PRESIDENT OF THE TAHITIAN MISSION

"Where there is no vision, the people perish." (Proverbs 29:18.)

The truth of this oft-quoted bit of scripture was demonstrated recently, in a most literal sense, during a severe equinoctial storm in the Society Islands. Continuous rain and high winds raged for five days during the fore part of January, 1926, during which time the ocean rose several feet and furiously lashed the island shores. Several villages were practically wiped out on the islands of Raiatea, Borabora and Moorea, with some loss of life, and the property damage reaching many thousands of dollars. On Tahiti, the main island of the group, business and traffic were paralyzed for the time; and all the principal bridges around that island were washed out.

The application of the scripture referred to occurred on Tahiti, at the district of Papara, where Nature, in her fantastic performance, caused a landslide from the mountain directly into the bed of the

Papara river, forming an effective temporary dam, despite the torrent of water that was then raging. Being without vision, the people there didn't see the death trap that was thereby laid. It didn't occur to them that the receding water of the river, thus suddenly stopped, was gathering weight, and force, and power, to the extent that the pile of loose dirt and stones from the mountain side would soon give away to its pressure, releasing a demon of terror that would sweep to the sea



Part of the district of Papara Tahiti made barren when the pent-up river freed itself.

everything in its path. They sat in their homes, serenely ignorant, apparently, of the impending danger. They had not the vision to see that, perhaps with a little effort, they could have devised a means of releasing the river before its volume and power had become a real menace; or failing in that, they could have removed their families outside the danger zone. But without vision, there is no endeavor. When eventually the inevitable happened, everything in the path of the furious monster of mud and water was taken; many were killed and many injured, several bodies being lost entirely.

Suggestions for home ground and lawns. In a circular, called *Arrangement and Planning of Home Grounds*, Emil Hansen, specialist in landscape gardening, Extension Service Utah Agricultural College, makes the following suggestions: "In planning home grounds, preserve an open appearance; arrange flowering shrubs along fence lines and in angles formed by the house foundation; plant shrubs in groups with lower growing varieties in outside rows and the medium and taller varieties in the center and at the back; plant trees to form a background for the shrubs, as well as for breaking the view of out-buildings. Don't plant flowers along the sides of walks and foundation of the house. In making lawns, plant early, preferably on land prepared the preceding fall; two sowings should be made, the second cross-wise to the first; allow 1 pound of seed mixture to 500 feet of lawn." A copy of the circular will be sent free upon request to the College at Logan, Utah.

MESSAGES FROM THE MISSION

West Maui Conference, Hawaiian Mission

Baptisms performed during 1925 exceed, by 11, the previous year's record for the conference; and in all vital points, a general increase is shown over previous records. "Our labors, practically entirely among the native people heretofore, are being gradually extended, as the English language becomes more widely understood, to the English speaking people and to the different nationalities represented in Hawaii. Mutual Improvement work is being carried on in many of our branches, with a live interest characterizing the gatherings. We feel thankful for the hospitality extended us in this land, and for the reputation and respectable standing that our cause has won among the people. We extend greetings to our companions laboring throughout the various missions of the world, and wish them success.



ELDERS OF THE HAWAIIAN MISSION

Standing, left to right: George R. Hammond, Mancos, Colorado; Lee N. Taylor, Salt Lake; Russell F. Taylor, Salt Lake; Lorin W. Goates, Lehi, Utah; James W. L. McGuire, local elder from Honolulu; W. Earl Pendleton, Panguitch, Utah, East Maui conference. Sitting, left to right: Edward F. Packham, Acequia, Idaho; A. B. Thorup, Salt Lake, succeeding president, West Maui conference; Sister A. B. Thorup; George W. Hall, Salt Lake, retiring president, West Maui conference; Spencer E. Saville, Salt Lake, president East Maui conference.

Preaching the Gospel by Reindeer

Elder Vance O. Lind of Gefle, Sweden, reports that J. C. Berglund, of Price, Utah, has the honor of being the northernmost missionary. He

is seen in the picture herewith driving a reindeer near Boden, Sweden, 1200 kilometers north of Stockholm, very close to the arctic circle. "Brother



Berglund has lived in Utah for 37 years, and has been a member of the Church for four years. So after an absence of nearly forty years, he has come back to his birthplace and the associations of his youth to declare unto his relatives and acquaintances the glorious message of truth and light leading to salvation, as revealed to the earth in these latter days. We appreciate the *Improvement Era*, which comes to us regularly in this far northern land. We wish it were possible for our members to read it over here, so that they could share the enjoyment that the elders receive through the message of good cheer which it conveys."

A Three-day Conference in Los Angeles

Forty regular missionaries of the Los Angeles conference, with President McMurrin and other mission officers and visitors, met at 10 o'clock, January 8, 1926, in the Matthews ward chapel, in Los Angeles, where a very instructive Priesthood meeting was enjoyed by all present. For six hours, nearly all the missionaries bore strong testimonies and related interesting and profitable experiences peculiar to missionary work. Elder John F. Bringhurst, a short-term missionary and former Bishop of Springville for twenty years, now a member of the stake presidency in that locality, was called on to speak, and in his remarks stated: "I have been a bishop for twenty years, and conducted and attended innumerable meetings of this nature, but never before have I attended one equal to this." A sumptuous banquet was served by the Matthew ward Relief Society, following the Priesthood meeting. On Saturday, regular sessions were held at 2 and 7:30 p. m., the body of the chapel being filled at each meeting. President McMurrin and the missionaries delivered impressive discourses during the time. Sunday, President Heber J. Grant was present, and during the morning and afternoon sessions, delivered two ideal missionary sermons, enlarging on some of the most vital and far-reaching points of Mormonism. Many non-members were in attendance. On Sunday night, President McMurrin related interesting experiences and added his testimony as a fitting climax to what had been termed one of the best conferences ever held in Los

Angeles. A very appropriate correlation of music was woven in throughout the various sessions, furnished by the missionaries, the M Men, and the Gleaner Girls of the Los Angeles stake, led by Chorister William Salt.—*L. C. Miles.*



MISSIONARIES OF THE LOS ANGELES CONFERENCE

Front row, left to right: Louis S. Iverson, Calimis Editor; Lewis E. Rowe, superintendent Sunday schools and mission Mutuals; Laura I. Astle, corresponding secretary; President Lorin C. Miles, Los Angeles conference; President Joseph W. McMurrin of California mission; Margaret K. Miller, president mission Relief Societies; Charlotte Stahr, assistant president mission Relief Societies; Reed S. Gardner, mission secretary; Agnes Nibley, secretary mission Relief Societies; Frank Brown. Second row: James Crook, Lorin M. Noble, Bertha Roderick, Arnold C. Brems, Verene Adams, Milton W. West, Ebenezer O. Wilcox, Noel A. Fuller, Evelyn Schank, Violet Bennett. Third row: Clyde T. Wilde, Mrs. Frank Pocock, Sarah Cornick (San Bernardino conference), Mary Holland (San Bernardino conference), John H. Wheeler, Hyrum David, Edna Harris, Thelma Taylor, Mark C. Black, Madora Lund. Fourth row: Alexander Coleman, A. L. Oklebery, Marion Haliday, Luther Y. Smith, Sarah A. Farr, Lucian C. Farr, James A. Culimore, Arthur Condie, Walter B. Mason, Harvey M. Burnett. Fifth row: John F. Bringham, George C. Larson, A. E. Lemon, Truman Swallow, Arlene B. Lemon, Fredinand Hansen, George H. Sims.

The Pageant, "The Standard Bearers," at Long Beach

Long Beach held their conference December 18-20 in the Santa Ana chapel. Twenty-two missionaries were present, as well as Saints and investigators, and a rich manifestation of the Spirit of the Lord was enjoyed. The first three sessions were given over to the Primary, Relief Society and M. I. A. work, respectively. All officers and teachers felt more keenly, after the meeting, the responsibility placed on them as leaders. A priesthood meeting, at which thirty-two missionaries were present, was held on Saturday morning, December 19. President Joseph W. McMurrin, and Dr. George H. Brimball, of the Brigham Young University of Provo, attended the Sunday sessions. They stressed the point that, as Latter-day Saints, we are responsible and that it is our duty to warn the people of the world that

the gospel of Jesus Christ has again been restored to the earth. An interesting feature of the conference was a pageant, entitled "The Standard Bearers," given by twenty-five members of the Santa Ana branch, under the direction of Elder Rowe and others. About 200 people enjoyed the pageant, which was well presented.



Missionaries in the picture are; top row, left to right: Jean West Hawkes, Salt Lake City; Iris Coombs, Fielding, Utah; J. D. Fowers, Provo; Reed Rasband, Heber; John H. Godfrey, Clarkston; Wendell M. Jensen, Brigham City; Stella Mae Reese, Coleville; Floyd Anderson, Mantua, Utah. Second row: John Halls, Ogden; Gwendolyn Nelson, Ogden; Ernest M. Horsley, conference president, Brigham City; Joseph W. McMurrin, mission president; Miles L. Jones, Ogden; Lenora Jensen, Brigham City, Utah; Thos. E. Doman, Rigby, Idaho. Third row: T. Delice Andelin, Provo, Utah; Thos. E. Cheney, Victor, Idaho; Axie Spackman, Sterling, Canada; A. M. Wilde, Welling, Canada; J. W. Vance, Alpine, Utah; Edna Harris, Thatcher, Idaho; Arthur C. Harris, Ririe, Idaho; Heber T. Willis, Snowflake, Arizona.

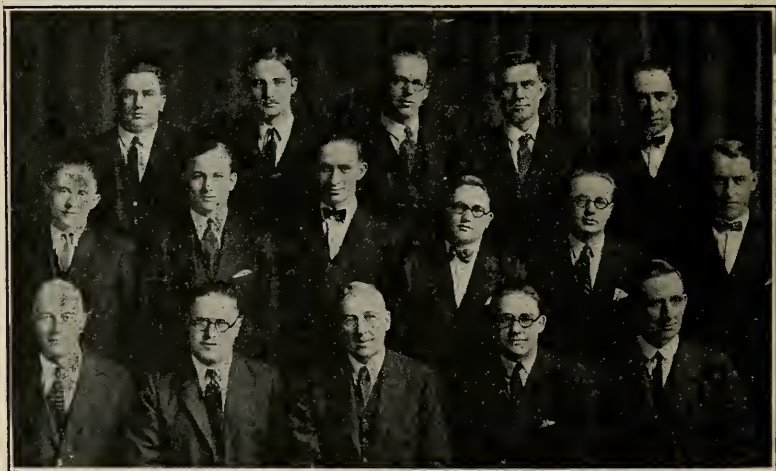
Good Results Looked for in Wales

Elder Peter J. Clark, Cardiff, South Wales, reports an inspiration conference of the Welsh district, held there November 1, 1925. The restoration of the gospel was treated in the Sunday School session by President James E. Talmage, who gave the principal address of the day. Conference President Wendell R. Anderson, Elders Sterling C. Rigby, Claude C. Wheeler, were honorably released to return to Utah. Special missionary and priesthood meetings were held and an inspirational music treat was furnished by the Cymric Sextette, Taibach, Port Talbot, consisting of John Bowen Davies, Reese Bowen, John David, Jenkin Price, William Lewis, James Batt, who sang a number of selections in both Welsh and English. Reports of the elders indicated the campaign of falsehood, which a few months ago

raged against the Church in Wales, has abated and that there is confidence that Wales, which has produced so many stalwart men of the Church in the past, will continue to be a fertile field for the propagation of the gospel.

Northern Indiana Conference

Recently the regular tri-annual gathering of the elders at Marion, Indiana, was held, at which President and Sister John H. Taylor met with the missionaries, the saints and the investigators of this conference. Considerable enthusiasm was stirred up among the elders, and as a consequence all who attended were renewed in spirit and a new desire kindled in their hearts to serve the Lord and to help others to see the light of the gospel truths. Every month brings on new opportunities to develop and to grow, and the missionaries are happily engaged in their activities, striving their best to present the gospel to the honest in heart and to all who will listen.—*Ivan I. Barlow.*



MISSIONARIES, NORTHERN INDIANA CONFERENCE

Front row, left to right: Geo. P. Jones, Henefer, Utah; Horgan Haroldsen (released), Idaho Falls, Idaho; John H. Taylor, mission president, Chicago, Illinois; Ivan I. Barlow, conference president, Clearfield, Utah; Geo. W. Butler, Claresholm, Alberta, Canada. Second row: W. L. Spencer, Esclante, Utah; T. A. Brown, Trenton, Utah; Monroe Michil, Tabiona, Utah; Arden Payne, Glenwood, Utah; Willard H. Nelson, Thayne, Wyoming; Leo F. Freeman, Snowflake, Arizona. Third row: Ronald J. Dyches, Silver City, Utah; C. H. Durrant, Provo, Utah; Stirling Johnson, Lowell, Wyoming; O. M. Christensen, Rexburg, Idaho; A. F. Tanner, Hill Springs, Alberta, Canada.

“Work and Humility”

“This is the mission motto of the Northern States mission, and through its application the Lord is blessing us with many opportunities to preach the Gospel, and with success in our efforts. We hope to make 1926 a

banner year in the history of this conference. We held a conference in Davenport on January 16-17, in East Iowa. All present expressed their appreciation of the testimonies of the missionaries and the inspirational discourses of President John H. Taylor of the Northern States mission. We appreciate the *Era* and the part it plays in this great work; it is of great inspirational encouragement to us."—*Clifton H. Ludwig*, conference president, East Iowa.



MISSIONARIES OF EAST IOWA CONFERENCE

Top row, left to right: Wm. D. Atkinson; Clifton H. Ludwig, conference president; John H. Taylor, mission president; S. R. Wilkenson; T. Wm. Duce; W. G. Bawden; George W. Miller. Second row: Melvin Powell, Norman L. Jacobson, Francis P. Halling, Ben M. Doty, Rineldo L. Borg; Utah Thompson (in front.)

Black Hills Conference, Western States Mission, Organized

Elder Evan W. Morgan, Rapid City, South Dakota, reports that a new conference was organized in the Western States Mission and will be known as the Black Hills conference, named after the beautiful Black Hills of Western South Dakota. "On October 23-25 the elders of the Western South Dakota conference attended the Wyoming conference held at Casper, Wyoming. The matter of adding the Northeastern part of Wyoming and a section of Northwestern Nebraska to Western South Dakota, was discussed and it was decided that the organization of this territory into a conference would be advantageous in the spreading of the gospel in those sections of the country. The organization was consummated on November 22 at a conference held at Rapid City, South Dakota, and the Black Hills conference was created. In spite of a growing spirit of indifference among some people, we are having excellent success in our work. We enjoy reading the *Era* and recognize it as a great help in our missionary work."

Two Baptisms in Sweden

Elder Alma G. Jacobsen of Norrkoping, Sweden, sends kind regards to the Saints and elders at home and abroad. "The Norrkoping conference has been sorely in need of a new hall for a number of years. Just recently the way was opened so that we were able to hire a new place of worship. Since then, the work has been progressing favorably. Two baptisms have been performed and the attendance at our meetings has been doubled. We have each Sunday night from five to twelve investigators. We enjoy the faith promoting stories and articles in the *Era* and find it a storehouse of much valuable matter of great use to us in our work.



ELDERS OF THE NORRKOPING CONFERENCE

Missionaries, left to right: Rudolph A. Anderson, Malad City, Idaho; Alma G. Jacobsen, Jr., Salt Lake City; Karl A. Hansen, Cornish; and Gustave A. Seequist, Salt Lake City, conference president.

South African Missionaries Meet in Annual Convention

The regular annual elders convention of the South African mission was opened December 28, 1925, at "Cumorah," Cape Town, with a fast and testimony meeting, at which the Spirit of the Lord was greatly manifested. If no other meetings had been held, we could have returned to our fields spiritually recharged, with testimonies stronger, and better qualified to deliver our message. At the other meetings held during the convention, papers on the various phases of missionary activities were presented, and afterward discussed by the assembly, and definite conclusion formed. All the meetings, a total of thirteen, were immensely profitable, and a source of inspiration to all who attended.

The elders arrived from their various fields on December 23 and 24, and celebrated Christmas in real home style, with stockings, Santa Claus, etc., in evidence. It was a happy crowd, the equal of which, we are sure, could not have been found elsewhere in all South Africa. A feature of our New Year's day celebration, which was held on the slopes of "Devil's Peak," was the adoption of the following slogan for 1926, the key to which was suggested by Elder Kenneth D. Wright: "This year I will not disappoint them who have confidence in me and expect me to accomplish much."

Our annual convention is a happy event, when we can again clasp the hand of good fellowship with our co-laborers in the cause of truth and hold our home evening in song and prayer together. We all look to "Cumorah"

as our home, and to President and Sister Sessions as our parents in South Africa, for indeed they have so proved to be to the elders laboring under their leadership. We are as a large family with the bonds of love ever growing stronger as we come to know one another better. News of the possible release of President and Sister Sessions in the near future caused heavy hearts. Their going will indeed be a sad loss to the South African mission. Prior to their departure to their various conferences, on January 5, the elders showed their esteem and appreciation by the presentation to President and Sister Sessions of a gold medal.

The work in the South African mission is steadily progressing. Many of the country districts which have never heard our message are now being tracted.—*George Pugmire*, president Transvaal conference.



ELDERS OF SOUTH AFRICAN MISSION

Back row, left to right: Paul A. Thorn, Springville, Utah; Wm. E. Hutchings, Springville, Utah. Second row: Cornelius Vanderende, Salt Lake City, outgoing president, Bloemfontein conference; Grant H. Mortenson, Riverton, Utah; Miles P. Romney, Salt Lake City, president Port Elizabeth conference; Marion Lee Allred, Ephraim, Utah; George Y. Pugmire, Pocatello, Idaho, president Transvaal conference; C. Alden Gray, Provo, Utah; Kenneth D. Woodruff, Salt Lake City, incoming president, Bloemfontein conference. Seated: Keith P. Heiner, Salt Lake City; H. Lorden Baker, Salt Lake City; Sister Magdalin Funk Sessions, president mission Relief Societies and Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations; James Wyley Sessions, mission president, Pocatello, Idaho; Waldemar Young Clayton, Salt Lake City, mission secretary and president Cape conference; Hyrum L. Crane, Pocatello, Idaho; Clarence L. Rockwood, Salt Lake City. Front row: Noel G. Knight, Lehi, Utah; Kenneth D. Wright, Salt Lake City; Marc and Rosamonde Sessions; Leo R. Jensen, Salt Lake City; Leon S. Saunders, Salt Lake City, president Natal conference.

Gospel Message in Song

Elder A. S. Millward, of Rochester, New York, reports: "The soil here is not very fertile for seeds of 'Mormonism.' Owing to the fact that we are so near the birthplace of 'Mormonism,' the people are bitterly opposed to Joseph Smith and his followers. On the 25th of February, Elder J. Delos Thompson and myself were privileged to sing at the funeral services of a Lutheran lady. At the close of the services, the minister inquired as to where we obtained our songs; he said they impressed him very much, and that never before had he heard the words that were contained therein. When we sang 'O My Father,' there was not a tearless eye in the house. Even though we were not permitted to speak at these services, we feel that the gospel message was carried to those in attendance, in part at least, by song."



The pictures represent: 1. President A. Selden Millward, of Berkeley, California, singing to attract passers-by. 2. (At the bottom), Elder G. Kenneth Driggs, of Phoenix, Arizona, preaching to the assembled crowd.

Editors' Table

Do You Want To Be A Slave?

There are two evils, tobacco and drink, that are constantly beckoning to young men, and to women also, now, to come under the frightful, life-destroying burden of their slavery. Nine billion cigarettes were smoked by women in 1925. All kinds of easy approaches are presented by certain dealers and other interested people to lead to these pits of slavery. Jeremiah of old fittingly characterized this class of offenders when he said: "Among my people are found wicked men: they lay wait, as he that setteth snares; they set a trap, they catch men."

Tobacco dealers and manufacturers are constantly ensnaring the youth of the land in the nicotine net. Here is one method used by a tobacco company: They send for the names of young men, especially those who are not smokers, and the dates of their birth; then send a letter of congratulation, a package of cigarettes, a booklet explaining "how good they are—just smoke 'em." Jeremiah's words again apply: "They are waxen fat, they shine: yea, they overpass the deeds of the wicked." What do they care for the happiness or success of any young man to whom such a gift is sent. Theirs is reprehensible conduct, pretended friendship, a diabolical trap to enslave, for gain, designs existing "in the heart of conspiring men."

Another kind of trap is the furnishing of free cigars and cigarettes at college functions, by local dealers and firms, with the motive, undoubtedly, to induce non-smokers to take their first smoke, with an opportunity to develop into regular smokers, and hence regular customers of the devil's traps—the tobacco stores.

Will H. Brown writes that dealers in tobacco sometimes scatter cigarettes in the streets near schools, to bait the boys attending there. Candy in the shape and color of cigarettes are often sold to children for no other purpose than inducing the "attitude" of smoking, with the hope that later the boys will smoke real cigarettes. "Catch the boys, if you can," appears to be the slogan; "if not, get the young men when they enter college."

Tobacco makes a strong person nervous, slow, undependable, unreliable, uncertain, unmanly. It gives nothing, absolutely nothing, in return, except harm, a physical and moral weakness and an unbearable smell. Tobacco, alcohol and drugs change good men and women into brutes, who think of nothing, but the satisfying of their own dirty desires. "Tobacco destroys life, health, morals, property, makes new problems for juvenile courts, * * * and its growth and use create a total economic loss to the nation in land and work amounting to billions."

"I would to God that every cigar I smoke would make me deathly sick," said a bank president to a friend. When asked why he didn't quit, he replied: "I can't quit. I'd gladly give \$10 a day to be free from the habit." So absolute is the slavery to tobacco. Why be a slave? Do not start; nor enter any of its smooth approaches, or traps.

Dr. James J. Waring, then Associate Professor of Medicine, University of Colorado, addressed the membership of the Chamber of Commerce, Salt Lake City, more than a year ago. Parenthetically, in passing, this was a veritable powder magazine in which to strike such a light, but you will notice he spoke of women, not mentioning men! His subject was "Salt Lake City, a Health Center." He said:

"We are entitled to pure air, water and food, and if anti-spitting and anti-smoking laws were enforced, we would have better communities. I believe two of the great dangers to the American people rest in the increased use of tobacco and alcohol by women of the country. Increase of the use of tobacco among women is appalling. Five years ago I hesitated to ask a woman if she smoked; I never hesitate today."

Vice-President Dawes, just before New Years, gave wise and timely counsel to the pages of Congress. He urged them to put under their feet the things that are causing such degeneration among the young people of today, and told them to be clean themselves and stand against the crowd when necessary: "Don't be hip-flask boys, don't smoke, don't swear, and don't chew tobacco," the Vice-President advised them.

No doubt, the young people need this counsel. For many of us believe that tobacco and liquor are the natural concomitants and, in many instances, the actual incitants to demoralization and crime.

Herbert Hoover says:

"There is no agency in the world today that is more seriously affecting the health, the education, the efficiency and the character of boys and girls than the cigarette habit, yet very little attention is paid to it. Nearly every delinquent boy is a cigarette smoker, which certainly has much to do with it. Cigarettes are a source of crime. To neglect it at its source is a short-sighted policy unworthy of a nation of our intelligence."

He also wrote President Coolidge, "We in America are far behind what a national conscience should demand for the public protection of our children."

It appears that here in Utah most smokers and many police and other officers of the law have settled in the conviction that there is no regulation for the sale and use of tobacco and cigarettes, either for old or young people. Since a liberating amendment on the cigarette law was passed by what might be termed the recent pari-mutuel "gambling" legislature of the state, such an idea seems to have possessed officers, until now all bars appear to be let down. There are still some regulations, however, that officers should enforce.

Now is the opportune time to line up for the next election. We need strong and determined legislators and officers, who will not imperil the law by compromise. We should pay little attention to straw votes favoring open doors to positive evils. No stone should be

left unturned that will aid in protecting our youth from the frightful, soul-and-body-destroying slavery of tobacco and liquor. No good Latter-day Saint will either use or sell these things. Our slogan is: "We stand for the non-sale and non-use of tobacco," and "for State and Nation-wide prohibition" of the sale and use of liquor.

The public carries a heavy responsibility. When a law is adopted and put into operation, good friends, we cannot get results if we go away and forget it. Enacting a law and then thinking the work is done is reprehensible on our part. We must breathe new life and spirit into laws that are lagging, as in the case of these liquor and tobacco laws. First, by believing and obeying them; then, fighting for them, and seeing that they are obeyed. We must neither break, nor permit them to be broken. This applies both to officers and the public. We must fight until we win.—A.

Books

A new edition of *A Compendium of the Doctrines of the Gospel*, by the late Franklin D. Richards, one of the twelve apostles of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and Elder James A. Little, has been issued by the Deseret Book Company. This volume of 290 pages, close print, contains a mass of valuable information on the principles and doctrines of the gospel from the standard works of the Church, namely: the *Bible*, *Book of Mormon*, *Doctrine and Covenants*, and the *Pearl of Great Price*; as well as from sermons, and from the Articles of Faith, used as guides in faith and doctrines. In a preface it is stated that a steady and insistent demand has made it necessary to print another edition of this splendid work. The book contains more than twenty-two pages of gems from the *History of Joseph Smith*; also a list of the First Presidencies and Twelve Apostles of the Church up to and including the year 1925; together with a Book of Mormon chronology; and a chapter on the temples and sacred places of the Latter-day Saints. Deseret Book Company, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Children of the Promise, or "On Eagles' Wings" is the title of a book of 218 pages, containing stories from the Old Testament, written expressly for the First Intermediate department of the Sunday school, for the use of the second-year class, price \$1. The author is Elder John Henry Evans, and the writing is designed to give both unity and direction to the varied materials to be found in the history of the Israelites. The author, in his preface, says that the word which the Lord told Moses to tell the Israelites, as found in Exodus 19:4-6, is, in his judgment, the point of view from which the chapters in his book should be read and taught. These verses may well apply to modern Israel: "Ye have seen what I did unto the Egyptians, and how I bare you on eagles' wings, and brought you unto myself; now, therefore, if ye will obey my voice indeed, and keep my covenants, then ye shall be a peculiar treasure unto me above all people. For all the earth is mine, and ye shall be unto me a kingdom of priests and an holy nation."

Exiles, Pilgrims and Pioneers and *The Messenger of Truth* is the title of a thirty-two page book of verse by Charles W. Dunn, of Logan, Utah, which was published under date of December 25, 1925. The two divisions of the book are each subdivided into three parts, which adds facility and pleasure to the reading. The poems are all based on familiar and interesting historic gospel themes.

Priesthood Quorums

Annual Church Conference Begins April 4

The Ninety-sixth General Annual Conference of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints will be held in the Salt Lake tabernacle beginning Sunday morning, April 4, and continuing Monday and Tuesday, April 5 and 6. These dates were announced by the First Presidency in March. The General Priesthood meeting will be held Monday evening, April 5, and the special meeting, Wednesday, April 7, 10 a. m. The close-by stakes will hold their Fast meetings Sunday, April 11.

Training Young Men For Church Work

"Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning. Of his own will begat he us with the word of truth, that we should be a kind of first-fruits of his creatures. * * * Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves. For if any be a hearer of the word, and not a doer, he is like unto a man beholding his natural face in a glass: For he beholdeth himself, and goeth his way, and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was."—James 1:17-24.

What a picture has been here given by James of old. We call attention to it at this time because it has, in our opinion, a bearing upon a condition which we think vital and worthy of the serious consideration of all who hold the Priesthood and all parents who have children who are, or should be, members of priesthood quorums.

How proud we are of the accomplishments of our people and our organizations! Recently a Salt Lake City paper had the following headlines in bold type: "Scout work in Utah is on exceptionally high scale—Utah Scout aim higher than usual." This heading was a quotation taken from a statement made by a nationally-known Scout leader. We may all feel justly proud of this showing and of the prominence to which our Scout work has attained in this field of operation.

The Presiding Bishopric rejoices in this record; but at the same time we are concerned for the organizations provided by the Lord, through which young men should be prepared and trained to serve in the great field of Church work.

At the beginning of the year 1926, the demand for roll and record books and for Aaronic Priesthood quorum manuals was very gratifying. Many wards have provided every member of the Aaronic Priesthood quorums with outlines, and their bishops are making a special effort to have young men who belong to these quorums become actively engaged in quorum work, that they may grow in a knowledge of the Gospel and prepare to serve in their communities in honor and in faith.

To do this, it is not necessary to detract from any other organization. On the contrary, if the requirements of Aaronic Priesthood work are strictly followed, these activities should stimulate the work of the auxiliary organizations. We should bear in mind that while the auxiliary organiza-

tions are necessary, they are helps in government, while the work of the Priesthood quorums is mandatory. The responsibility for the faithful performance of the work rests upon the officers and the individual quorum members. Each quorum of the Priesthood, from the Deacon to the High Priest, should provide the field for training. None may shirk the responsibility placed upon him if he hopes to receive the blessings and promises made by our heavenly Father.

We take this occasion to remind the officers of the stakes and wards of the great responsibility placed upon them, to see that the Aaronic Priesthood in each ward shall function in harmony with the word of the Lord, and that they are trained and developed in temporal and spiritual things to prepare them for greater duties and responsibilities in the government of the Church.

SYLVESTER Q. CANNON,
DAVID A. SMITH,
JOHN WELLS,
Presiding Bishopric.

A Suggestion for Ward Teachers

The stake committee on ward teaching in one of the nearby stakes has made these suggestions to teachers in the wards:

1. Pray before you go out teaching.
2. Use Thursday evening, set apart in our stake, for teaching, until you have visited all the families in your district.
3. Do not stay longer than 20 minutes.
4. Discuss the standard provided for you for the month's teaching wherever possible.
5. Pray with the family.
6. Sing with the family, if it is convenient and possible.
7. Be sure to inquire about their health, and if any are sick, report it to the Bishop.

If you are ill, and cannot visit your district, please advise your district president.

Life Is Eternal

In a recent paragraph in the *Millennial Star*, President James E. Talmage says: "We hold it to be reasonable, scriptural and true, that man's period of earth life is but one stage in the general plan of the soul's progression, and that birth is no more the beginning than is death the close of individual existence. God created all things spiritually before they were created temporally upon the earth, and the spirits of all men lived as intelligent beings, endowed with the capacity of choice and the rights of free agency before they were born in the flesh."

Changes in Mission Presidents

During the past few months many changes have been made in the mission presidents of the European and other missions.

President John P. Lillywhite, the newly appointed president of the Netherlands mission, landed in Liverpool January 31. He succeeds President Charles S. Hyde, who has been honorably released, having presided in that mission since the first part of April, 1923.

Aside from the changes made in the creation of the German-Austrian mission, already noted, President Ernest C. Rossister has charge of the

French mission, succeeding President Russell H. Blood, honorably released and now engaged in professional studies in Paris.

President John H. Anderson has succeeded President Hugo D. Peterson in the Swedish mission, with headquarters at Stockholm. President Peterson was honorably released to return to his home in Utah.

President Martin Christofferson has been installed as the head of the Norwegian mission, President Albert Richard Peterson having been honorably released to return to his home. The headquarters of the Norwegian mission are in Oslo, formerly Christiania.

President Joseph L. Peterson is in Denmark to relieve President John S. Hansen, and to take charge of the Danish mission. President Hansen having been honorably released. The headquarters of that mission are in Copenhagen.

Elder Alma Burton has recently been called to preside over the Tahitian mission, Society Islands, and expects to leave soon with his family. President Burton will relieve Elder H. Brown Foulger who has been honorably released. He has been in temporary charge since the honorable release and return of President O B. Peterson in May, 1925.

Diamond Anniversary of Hawaiian Mission

The 75th anniversary of the establishment of the Hawaiian mission was recently celebrated in fitting style by missionaries and saints, by the presentation of a pageant showing the origin of the Polynesian people and their reception of the gospel. The pageant was arranged into three divisions: 1. Lehi and his family in the wilderness; building the ship, and, finally, Moroni burying the records. 2. The restoration of the gospel; translation of the plates, and Brigham Young calling the first missionaries to Hawaii in 1850. 3. Hawaii, with groups of Saints representing different islands, showing the arrival of the missionaries.

A choir of fifty members furnished the principal music; they sang, "Laie E," a Hawaiian song of praise to Laie and its beautiful temple, and the various parts of the pageant were accompanied by appropriate selections, both vocal and instrumental. Fifty characters were represented in the pageant. With the aid of a stereopticon machine, several historic scenes were shown, which helped to produce the proper atmosphere; and pictures of former mission presidents pleased the large number of native people who were gathered. The new recreation hall was filled to capacity at both the Sunday morning and evening presentations. Under the supervision of President Eugene J. Neff the pageant was written and presented by Elders Robert S. Sant, Athen L. Reese, Reuben A. Joseph, and Sister Marian Clark to whom we are indebted for an interesting account of the celebration.

For the Soul that Comprehends

There's a promise with every dawning, There's gold in each ray of sunshine,
For the soul that comprehends, For the soul that comprehends,

As one by one,

And gladsome cheer,

When night is done,

With naught of fear,

The morn its gifts extend.

In the voices of its friends.

There's peace in the calm of moonlight.

For the soul that comprehends,

As from the blue,

To faith renew,

It benediction sends.

Provo, Utah

GRACE INGLES FROST

Mutual Work

How About the Reading of the Four Gospels

We suggest to the superintendents of the various stakes of Zion that, at the very first meeting with the officers of the stake, they emphasize the reading of the *Four Gospels*, which is under the general supervision of the Y. M. M. I. A. Standards committee, and which should receive special emphasis at this time. We call attention to an item concerning this matter found on page 387 of the *Improvement Era* for February, copy of which has been sent to all superintendents. Essays and names must be sent to the General Superintendent Y. M. M. I. A., Salt Lake City, by May 1. It is suggested that the Young Men members of the committee on Standards take charge of the work.

There is still time to get this matter done. Suitable recognition will be given to all who fill the requirements. Recognition of the stake winners will consist of a New Testament, with autograph of the General Superintendency; and the recognition of the leading winner will be the publication of his essay in the *Improvement Era*, and the gift of a more elaborate New Testament, given him by the General Superintendency.

Fiftieth Anniversary of M. I. A. in North Sanpete

The Y. M. and Y. L. M. I. A. stake boards of North Sanpete stake are making elaborate plans for an M. I. A. Day, to be held in May, 1926. It is to be a jubilee celebration, commemorating the 50th anniversary of the introduction of the M. I. A. work in Sanpete county. There will be contests in public speaking for M Men and Gleaner Girls, ladies' choruses and M Men's quartettes, luncheon for out-of-town visitors, a parade in which more than one thousand M. I. A. members are expected to march, and cash prizes will be given for the best features. A public meeting will be held, in which representatives from each of the General Boards of the Y. M. and the Y. L. M. I. A. are expected to speak. There will be contests featuring every band in the stake, and a ball under the direction of the stake recreation committee. Various committees are at work to make the jubilee celebration one of the largest Church events ever presented in that stake. Superintendent J. F. Mower is enthusiastic concerning the preparations that are being made.

Pictures Previewed and Recommended by the M. I. A. Committee

These can be arranged for with the Visual Education Department of the University of Utah. Obtainable for a limited period only.

America—10 reels. Presented by D. W. Griffith. A thrilling story of love and romance.

The story of *America*, written by Robert W. Chambers, deals with the Revolutionary period, and is the story of the struggle of the colonies for liberty, from Paul Revere's ride until George Washington became President.

Braveheart—7 reels. Rod La Roque. A tremendous story of Indian and college life, dramatic and appealing.

Welcome Strangers—7 reels. Florence Vidor, presented by Belasco. A humorous story of how an enterprising Jew with a sense of humor overcomes the racial prejudice of a small New England town.

Waking Up The Town—7 reels. Jack Pickford and Norma Shearer. A vivid picture of the struggle for opportunity and the wistfulness of every ambitious boy—supporting a mother, winning a girl.

Three Faces East—7 reels. Rupert Julian production, supervised by Cecil B. De Mille. A gripping melodramatic mystery photoplay of the Secret Service with a background of war and a romantic love story.

Friendly Enemies—7 reels. A George Melford production. An all-star cast. A picture in which the spirit of Americanism is strong throughout.

Simon the Jester—7 reels. Eugene O'Brien and Lillian Rich. A four cornered love triangle—a screen story of remarkable heart appeal—filled with real drama, humor and pathos.

The Last Edition—7 reels. Starring Ralph Lewis. An instructive melodrama of newspaper life.

The Keeper of the Bees—9 reels. Robert Frazer, Clara Bow and Alyce Mills. A magnificent, out-of-door love story, by Gene Stratton Porter.

The Bandit's Baby—7 reels. Fred Thompson. A lawless cowboy regenerated by the smiles of a cooing babe. A rodeo full of arenic thrills.

Speed Wild—5 reels. Lefty Flynn. A Western picture.

Isn't Life Wonderful?—10 reels. Neil Hamilton and Carol Dempster. A simple romance of love and potatoes. A picture which is as life itself.

M Men, Rexburg First Ward, Annual Banquet

Twenty-seven M Men of Rigby First ward and fifteen invited guests assembled in the chapel basement on Tuesday evening, Feb. 2, 1926, for



their Annual banquet. After the opening song, "America," led by Leo Jacobs, and prayer by L. V. Merrill, a program of toasts and musical numbers was given by the various M Men, under leadership of Toastmaster

Ray N. Miller. A lively spirit animated the banquet proceedings. Those who responded to the toasts were genuinely responsive to the spirit as they "toasted" the various M Men qualities.

Bishop Hugh A. Wright was proud to be the "big daddy" of such an inspirational group. Many well deserved compliments were paid to Myrthen Bassett, president of the M Men, and his associates, Weldon and Reed Webster. Claude C. Cornwall, M. I. A. Field Secretary, presented an official M Men pin to Ward Senior Leader Ray N. Miller, with his toast to the M, which he said stands for Mutual Men, for "Mormonism," for Mission, for Manhood, and at this moment for Miller, the successful M leader in Rigby First ward.

Among the other visitors were, Stake Superintendency Oswald Christensen, L. V. Merrill, and J. A. Watts; Ira Watson of the ward M. I. A., and M. O. Howell, scout executive, of Preston, Idaho.

Huntington Junior Girls, Active in the M. I. A.

For the past two years Huntington ward has been conceded to have the best enrollment and attendance record of any of the M. I. A. units of Emery stake. It is also the largest ward. Each department has contributed to this attainment, no slight portion of which can be credited to the M. I. A. Junior Girls. There are several junior girl groups in Huntington ward, but the girls shown in the picture adopted this reference as a title when they first entered Mutual. They are a jolly bunch, willing and anxious to take part in any program or activity. They love to do it, nor does it hurt their feelings to "fill in" as substitutes to save the occasion when others are unprepared for a regular program, or refuse to take part. For that reason and because they are thoroughly capable, the girls are popular in community, religious, school and social activities.



HUNTINGTON JUNIOR GIRLS

Left to right: Morell Wakefield, Maude Johnson, Eva Westover,
Celia Leonard, Hilma Grange, Adeline Leonard.

This group of girls has an affectionate nickname with local people—"The Dizzy Six"—but perhaps it's the boys who are dizzier than they.

For programs they sing, both individually and as a group, give readings and play music, and they cook for school and other banquet functions, being enrolled in the domestic science class of the Huntington high school.—*Lamont Johnson*, Huntington, Utah.

Scout Masters School, Utah Agricultural College

The Sixth Annual Scout Masters School of the Utah Agricultural College, Logan, Utah, was held this year, February 28 to March 7, inclusive. The school was attended by twenty-six scout masters from Wyoming, twenty-four from Idaho, fifty-three from Utah, making a total of 103.



SCOUT SCHOOL, LOGAN

There was a special faculty of eleven, including Charles M. Miller, Regional Executive, Los Angeles; Oscar A. Kirkham, Associate Regional Executive, Salt Lake City; George R. Hill, former Dean of Agriculture, U. A. C.; Charles G. Plummer, M. D.; G. E. Hammond, Scout Executive; A. A. Anderson; Victor Lindblad; W. E. Hawkins, Commissioner, Cache Valley Council; D. S. Young, Executive, Ogden Gateway Council; N. G. Tolman, Official Red Cross representative; and Ralph Hubbard, National Representative, Authority Indian Craft Ornithologist, Boulder, Colorado. The College faculty consisted of eighteen leading professors, including President E. G. Peterson, and William Peterson, Director Experiment Station U. A. C. The class periods of ten hours began at 8 o'clock in the morning and closed at 10 at night, with lunch from 12 to 1, and dinner from 5 to 7. Prior to 8 o'clock in the morning there was "first call," "reveille," "inspection," and breakfast at the U. A. C. cafeteria. Not a moment was lost. The program was a peppy inspiration from the beginning to the end. We present a picture of the attendance—a body of clean and enthusiastic fellows, engaged in a wonderful work presented to the youth in the Scout's program. They will go back to the three states, ready to put over new thoughts in a wonderful program.

"What's the idea of taking your little brother fishing with you?"
 "Mother said the doctor told her he had the worms."

Y. M. M. I. A. Statistical Report, February, 1926

STAKES	Should be Enrolled	No. Wards	No. Wards Reporting	Officers and Class Leaders' Enrollment	Adv. Senior Enrollment	Senior Enrollment	Adv. Junior Enrollment	Junior Enrollment	Total	Officers and Class Leaders' Attendance	Adv. Senior Attendance	Senior Attendance	Adv. Junior Attendance	Junior Attendance	Total
Alpine	1000	18	15	119	125	250	362	-----	856	95	61	115	175	-----	446
Bear River	373	12	8	75	94	87	12	110	378	47	76	41	8	72	244
Beaver	309	5	3	29	73	52	-----	78	232	23	62	34	-----	48	167
Benson	762	14	11	99	188	202	40	266	795	70	102	101	14	162	449
Box Elder	638	13	13	108	270	171	51	264	870	83	137	115	33	181	549
Carbon	590	10	4	37	67	35	7	74	220	28	38	36	4	68	174
Cache	520	8	8	77	60	180	-----	190	507	61	52	100	-----	140	353
Cottonwood	717	10	10	102	104	250	-----	295	751	77	46	122	-----	186	431
Deseret	471	12	12	106	187	160	17	141	611	73	106	80	13	85	357
Emery	476	9	7	57	28	117	-----	204	406	36	18	58	-----	105	217
Ensign	948	8	8	84	162	283	93	276	898	73	78	130	65	230	576
Garfield	278	8	6	42	73	63	-----	82	260	30	29	32	-----	42	133
Granite	950	9	9	101	146	262	96	281	886	81	73	162	47	236	599
Grant	1144	14	14	147	119	327	90	366	1049	114	90	181	52	261	698
Gunnison	288	7	7	48	76	101	46	72	343	36	22	49	-----	47	154
Hyrum	500	10	5	49	117	104	34	105	409	35	49	68	11	61	224
Jordan	1011	16	13	114	157	210	-----	330	811	87	74	117	-----	195	473
Kolob	390	5	5	43	43	116	-----	126	328	30	24	101	-----	84	239
Liberty	1350	12	12	136	242	349	250	334	1311	112	153	197	158	261	881
Logan	615	11	10	107	84	178	-----	252	621	84	45	108	-----	143	380
Millard	344	8	6	40	59	60	20	77	256	36	44	28	15	50	173
Mount Ogden	638	8	8	81	101	127	34	187	530	64	53	75	22	138	352
North Davis	460	7	6	55	74	107	27	128	391	38	31	44	11	84	208
North Sanpete	719	10	10	83	81	219	58	215	656	61	41	152	44	161	459
North Sevier	267	6	6	42	101	62	19	69	293	33	55	31	12	34	165
North Weber	640	13	13	96	49	141	30	197	513	74	33	66	21	105	299
Ogden	826	10	10	100	154	238	19	295	806	73	90	124	9	167	463
Oquirrh	462	5	5	52	87	112	29	147	427	44	18	29	14	77	182
Palmyra	475	8	7	59	115	175	38	182	569	53	42	89	20	102	306
Paworan	495	8	6	40	93	75	36	76	320	33	47	60	16	37	193
Pioneer	782	10	9	64	74	146	38	202	524	52	39	83	19	144	337
St. George	680	15	7	71	81	118	48	111	429	50	51	84	29	69	283
Salt Lake	1078	13	13	134	161	204	83	345	927	101	92	127	53	266	639
San Juan	199	4	3	37	58	69	21	83	268	19	46	39	11	30	145
Sevier	366	6	6	56	82	126	83	68	415	45	47	72	57	42	263
South Davis	506	8	6	43	63	131	-----	182	419	38	38	70	-----	104	250
South Sanpete	480	7	5	35	9	116	-----	163	323	22	2	44	-----	86	154
Summit	467	12	11	75	79	95	9	139	397	55	43	42	4	59	203
Tintic	265	5	5	37	93	39	9	114	292	22	48	15	3	86	174
Tooele	397	10	7	57	94	85	24	99	359	40	45	26	14	43	168
Uintah	404	10	10	58	110	126	26	120	440	48	76	82	20	75	301
Utah	1100	15	15	134	100	270	61	311	876	70	67	170	45	223	570
Wasatch	383	9	9	71	126	131	-----	195	523	51	75	88	-----	167	381
Weber	667	8	8	77	106	119	-----	225	527	59	43	66	-----	162	330
Bear Lake	363	11	11	85	89	117	20	118	429	59	53	70	10	72	264
Blackfoot	514	13	13	101	136	117	65	99	518	81	127	74	19	66	367
Blaine	176	4	3	34	73	51	13	32	203	28	58	39	10	22	157
Boise	364	8	6	42	52	51	4	42	191	40	26	31	3	40	140
Burley	321	9	8	64	99	82	27	88	360	52	62	53	10	53	230
Cassia	171	6	5	40	48	35	16	48	187	25	65	18	9	30	147
Curlew	91	10	5	31	45	33	-----	50	159	23	18	18	-----	31	90
Franklin	420	11	11	102	95	92	-----	173	462	61	78	66	-----	113	318
Fremont	657	14	14	122	230	202	57	159	770	98	156	115	41	126	536
Idaho	203	11	8	58	82	36	24	40	240	35	47	23	12	23	140
Idaho Falls	540	11	9	73	169	86	-----	124	452	56	148	45	-----	74	323
Lost River	128	4	3	24	30	34	-----	43	131	17	19	23	-----	20	79
Malad	332	8	8	74	100	111	-----	115	400	60	73	79	-----	75	287
Montpelier	367	13	13	71	101	69	23	162	426	46	57	35	7	78	223

STAKES	Should be Enrolled	No. Wards	No. Wards Reporting Officers and Class Leaders' Enrollment	Adv. Senior Enrollment	Senior Enrollment	Adv. Junior Enrollment	Junior Enrollment	Total	Officers and Class Leaders' Attendance	Adv. Senior Attendance	Senior Attendance	Adv. Junior Attendance	Junior Attendance	Total	
Oneida	354	12	6	46	49	47	83	225	34	18	25	61	138		
Pocatello	524	10	10	88	102	126	33	175	524	68	74	76	22	115	355
Portneuf	258	9	7	50	64	22	87	223	44	38	16	73	171		
Raft River	160	8	5	35	47	32	38	152	19	17	16	18	70		
Rigby	520	13	13	107	148	107	20	140	522	67	74	70	10	86	307
Teton	315	8	7	37	55	57	8	47	204	26	24	57	20	26	153
Twin Falls	210	6	5	39	64	44	56	203	29	44	34	36	143		
Yellowstone	370	10	9	64	103	83	90	340	58	87	42	53	240		
Lethbridge	223	9	9	80	98	77	32	76	363	66	66	49	26	62	269
Los Angeles	526	18	18	156	180	285	12	225	858	129	151	224	8	179	691
Maricopa	419	8	8	76	130	129	36	151	522	57	79	25	103	343	
Móapa	184	8	6	52	84	72	38	72	318	35	51	47	19	43	195
St. Joseph	254	15	8	70	93	75	38	89	365	48	46	32	22	48	196
Star Valley	359	11	10	113	78	121	11	116	439	70	51	80	11	74	286
Taylor	320	6	6	79	103	176	91	449	57	80	106	45	288		
Woodruff	435	9	9	73	170	131	16	129	519	49	102	72	11	82	316
Young	45	5	3	21	18	48	13	15	115	9	7	25	6	7	54
N. W. States	321	22	22	95	192	66	21	41	415	78	161	59	16	32	346
Calif. Mission	1046	33	33	204	382	224	71	165	1046	163	243	148	58	108	720

Y. M. M. I. A. Efficiency Report, February, 1926

STAKES	Membership	Average Attendance	Recreation	Scout Work	"M" Men	Monthly Joint Programs	"Era"	Fund	Monthly Stake and Ward Officers' Migs.	Ward Officers' Meetings	Total
Alpine	9	5	8	8	9	9	8	5	8	7	76
Bear River	10	6	10	10	8	10	8	8	9	9	88
Beaver	10	10	10	8	10	10	9	10	10	10	97
Benson	10	6	9	6	8	9	9	7	9	8	81
Box Elder	10	6	10	7	6	10	8	8	10	10	85
Carbon	4	10	4	2	3	4	3	4	4	4	42
Cache	10	10	10	10	10	10	8	5	10	10	93
Cottonwood	10	6	10	10	10	10	10	10	9	9	94
Deseret	10	6	9	7	7	10	10	10	9	9	87
Emery	9	5	8	8	8	6	7	5	7	7	70
Ensign	9	6	10	10	10	10	9	6	10	10	90
Garfield	9	5	8	4	3	10	8	4	6	10	67
Granite	9	10	10	10	10	10	8	5	10	10	92
Grant	9	10	10	10	10	10	9	7	10	10	95
Gunnison	10	4	6	3	10	10	7	7	6	7	70
Hyrum	8	5	10	10	10	10	10	9	9	10	91
Jordan	8	6	8	8	6	8	8	6	8	8	74
Kolob	8	10	10	8	10	10	9	9	10	10	94
Liberty	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	100
Logan	10	6	10	9	9	10	9	8	10	9	90
Millard	7	10	9	6	4	7	8	6	9	7	73
Mount Ogden	8	10	10	9	8	10	10	10	10	10	95
North Davis	9	5	10	10	7	10	10	9	10	10	92
North Sanpete	9	10	10	10	10	10	8	7	10	10	94
North Sevier	10	6	10	9	7	10	6	4	5	6	73
North Weber	8	6	8	9	4	10	10	10	10	10	85

STAKES	Membership	Average Attendance	Recreation	Scout Work	"M" Men	Monthly Joint Programs	"Ers"	Fund	Monthly Stake and Ward Officers' Mts.	Ward Officers' Meetings	Total
Ogden	10	6	10	8	8	10	9	7	10	9	87
Oquirrh	9	4	10	10	8	10	10	8	10	10	89
Palmyra	10	6	7	7	7	9	10	10	9	8	83
Parowan	6	6	6	6	8	8	3	6	5	4	58
Pioneer	7	6	9	7	7	9	7	7	9	9	77
St. George	6	10	9	8	5	9	6	9	---	9	70
Salt Lake	9	10	10	10	10	10	8	10	10	10	97
San Juan	10	5	8	5	5	8	10	10	8	8	77
Sevier	10	6	10	9	6	10	10	10	9	10	90
South Davis	8	6	10	8	10	10	9	10	10	10	91
South Sanpete	7	5	10	9	10	10	10	8	10	10	89
Summit	9	5	9	7	2	10	8	10	8	6	74
Tintic	10	6	10	10	4	10	10	7	8	8	83
Tooele	9	5	6	4	4	6	5	6	5	6	56
Uintah	10	10	10	5	7	10	7	4	10	8	81
Utah	8	7	10	10	10	10	6	9	10	9	89
Wasatch	10	10	10	9	10	10	10	10	8	8	95
Weber	8	6	10	8	9	10	7	8	10	10	86
Bear Lake	10	6	10	7	7	10	10	9	8	9	86
Blackfoot	10	10	9	6	8	10	9	8	8	9	87
Blaine	10	10	8	9	2	10	9	7	10	10	85
Boise	5	10	7	5	5	7	7	5	5	5	61
Burley	10	6	9	6	9	10	10	7	10	9	86
Cassia	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	9	99
Curlew	10	6	5	3	5	7	10	10	5	2	63
Franklin	10	10	10	10	6	10	10	9	10	10	95
Fremont	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	9	10	99
Idaho	10	6	4	5	7	10	8	10	5	10	75
Idaho Falls	8	10	10	7	8	10	10	10	10	9	92
Lost River	10	6	5	3	8	10	7	5	6	9	69
Malad	10	10	9	10	9	10	10	9	10	10	97
Montpelier	10	6	7	5	5	8	9	7	5	6	68
Oneida	6	6	10	10	8	10	10	9	8	8	85
Pocatello	10	10	10	10	10	10	9	10	10	9	98
Portneuf	8	10	6	---	2	10	7	9	8	5	65
Raft River	10	5	8	---	2	10	10	10	2	4	61
Rigby	10	6	8	6	8	9	8	9	10	7	81
Teton	7	10	7	2	3	10	9	9	5	8	70
Twin Falls	10	10	10	7	7	8	5	8	3	8	76
Yellowstone	9	10	10	7	7	10	10	10	10	9	92
Lethbridge	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	100
Los Angeles	10	10	10	9	9	10	9	9	10	10	96
Maricopa	10	7	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	97
Moapa	10	6	6	4	3	8	7	7	7	8	66
St. Joseph	10	6	10	10	8	9	9	10	9	9	90
Star Valley	10	7	9	6	6	9	10	10	9	9	85
Taylor	10	6	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	96
Woodruff	10	6	8	10	6	8	9	9	6	8	80
Young	10	5	10	---	3	10	5	5	7	6	61
N. W. States	10	10	9	10	10	9	8	7	9	7	89
Calif. Mission	10	10	10	3	10	10	8	10	10	10	91

There were 75 stakes reported for February. Two stakes, Liberty, in Utah, and Lethbridge, Canada, made perfect. Twenty-seven made ninety points and over, Cassia 99. Following failed to report: Duchesne, Juab, Kanab, Morgan, Nebo, Panguitch, Roosevelt, South Sevier, Wayne, Bannock, Minidoka, Shelley, Alberta, Big Horn, Juarez, St. John, San Luis, Snowflake, Union. Try for 100 for April, and send in March report by April 10. Let us keep up the interest and attendance.

Passing Events

The Famous Shakespeare Memorial Theater at Stratford-on-Avon, England, was almost totally destroyed by fire, March 6, 1926.

The new South Gate ward chapel was dedicated Feb. 28, 1926, in the presence of a large audience. President Heber J. Grant gave the dedicatory address and Stake President Joseph J. Daynes also spoke. The invocation was offered by Joseph Anderson, and benediction was pronounced by A. H. Woodruff.

Harry C. Jessen was appointed city engineer, Salt Lake City, March 1, 1926, to succeed Sylvester Q. Cannon, who resigned, when he was appointed presiding bishop of the Church. Mr. Jessen is a Salt Lake City boy, 37 years of age. He has been connected with the city engineer's office since 1911, and has been acting city engineer since Aug. 1, 1925.

Sir Henry Lunn, an English capitalist, has dedicated most of his fortune to the cause of peace, says a New York dispatch, March 1. The World Alliance for International Friendship made the announcement, and the recipient is the newly established Sir Henry Lunn Trust Foundation. Sir Henry also intends giving lectures, free of charge, in behalf of the cause of peace.

The new tax reduction bill became the law, when President Coolidge had signed it, on Feb. 26, 1926. Two pens were used. The president, when through with them, gave one to Senator Reed Smoot and the other to Representative Green. It is feared that the tax reduction will cause a deficit of \$100,000,000. But that much might be saved by cutting down unnecessary military expenses.

Senator Reed Smoot, Utah's Senior U. S. Senator, was the object of an ovation at a banquet at the Willard Hotel, Washington, D. C., on Feb. 24. The chairman suggested that all present arise as a mark of appreciation of the work accomplished by Senator Smoot on the revenue bill, which carries a cut of \$387,000,000, which reduction will benefit all classes of tax-payers. All present arose and cheered the Utah senator.

Brigadier General Briant H. Wells, son of the late Daniel H. Wells, will become assistant chief of staff of the U. S. Army, to fill the place now occupied by Major General Fox Conner, it was announced in a dispatch from Washington, Feb. 13, 1926.

General Wells was born Dec. 5, 1871. He participated in the San Domingo campaign of the Spanish-American war of 1898; the Philippine insurrection, 1898-1901, in addition to the World war. He was a staff officer of the supreme war council from January to July, 1918, and a member of the joint army and navy planning commission from 1920 to 1921. He also served on the joint army and navy board for two years beginning in October, 1921. He was appointed commander of the infantry school at Fort Benning in November, 1923.

Mrs. Edna Lambson Smith, wife of the late President Joseph F. Smith, passed away at her home in Salt Lake City, Feb. 28, 1926, following an accident the preceding Wednesday, when she fell and fractured her skull. She was born March 3, 1851, in Salt Lake City, the daughter of Alfred B. Lambson, a Utah pioneer of 1847.

For more than forty years Mrs. Smith was president of the women workers of the Salt Lake temple and for a number of years she served as a member of the general board of Primary associations.

She is survived by four children, Mrs. John F. Bowman, Alvin F. Smith, Miss Emma Smith and Mrs. Arthur Smith Jensen, all of Salt Lake;

one brother, Alfred Lambson of Lester, Idaho, and two sisters, Mrs. Albert Davis and Mrs. Julina Smith, both of Salt Lake. She was the mother of the late Hyrum M. Smith, apostle of the Church.

Elders were ordered out of Mexico according to a letter from Secretary of State Kellogg to Representative Boylan of New York, dated March 6, 1926. He says that it has been reported to him that Elder Ralph E. Brown of the Church of the Latter-day Saints was ordered to leave on February 20 by the municipal authorities of Tula de Allen, state of Hidalgo, and that the following "Mormon" missionaries from Ozumba, state of Mexico, have been given ten days by the municipal authorities in which to leave the state. No mention is made of their leaving the country. The names of parties, as near as I can make out, are Owen V. Call, Daniel H. Higginbotham and one other person whose name I cannot make out from the dispatch of Salt Lake City, and Alton S. Hays of Provo, Utah. Ambassador Sheffield is doing all he can for these and other Americans who have been ordered to leave on the grounds that they are teaching school in violation of Mexican law.

A disastrous snowslide occurred on Feb. 17, 1926, in Bingham canyon, in the Highland Boy District, by which 17 private houses occupied by miners' families, and the McDonald, a three-story frame boarding house, were swept from their foundations. For several hours previous, there was a heavy snow storm, and on the morning of the tragedy, a rumble was heard, then came an all-enveloping mist, a terrific crash, and the houses were demolished and many precious lives crushed out in the wreckage. The slide started from the top of Sap Gulch, and proceeded a distance of two miles to the main canyon. In the McDonald boarding house more than sixty persons, of which about fifty were miners, were trapped in their rooms. Fire broke out in the ruins and added to the horror. Many bodies were badly burned before they could be taken out of the debris. The avalanche is, as far as known, the most disastrous in the history of the state.

A wireless telephone message between London and New York was transmitted on March 7, 1926. Part of the message was an Associated Press dispatch, and that was the first news story transmitted across the ocean by wireless telephone.

The London talkers were at the British general postoffice. Their words were carried by wire to the broadcasting station at Rugby and thence broadcast 2900 miles across the Atlantic to a receiving station at Houlton, Me. From Houlton they came by wire 600 miles to the listeners in the American Telephone & Telegraph offices at 24 Walker street.

The replies went from the Walker street office by wire to the broadcasting station at Rocky Point, L. I., across the Atlantic—3300 miles by this route—to a receiving station at Wroughton, England, and thence by wire to London.

The 7th of March happened to be the 50th anniversary of the day on which Alexander Graham Bell received his patent on the telephone instrument.

Charles Ellis Johnson, passed away recently at San Jose, Cal., and was buried there on Feb. 23, 1926. For many years he has been well known among Utah business men.

Mr. Johnson was a son of Joseph E. and Eliza Saunders Johnson, the former a pioneer of southern Utah and a resident of St. George. He was born in St. Louis, Mo., March 21, 1857, and was carried much of the distance across the plains in the arms of his mother, who walked practically all of the way. His youth was spent in St. George, where he married Ruth Young, a daughter of Brigham Young, in 1879.

Moving shortly thereafter to Salt Lake, he worked for a number of years in the Z. C. M. I. drug store. Later, with Parley P. Pratt, he established the Johnson-Pratt Drug company. In the late '80's he entered the photographic business and conducted a studio on West Temple street for nearly thirty years. In 1904 he accompanied Madame Mountford to Palestine, where he made thousands of photographs in the interest of the Jerusalem

replica at the St. Louis fair. In 1917 he moved to San Jose, where he became connected with the old Tucker studio. He continued the photographic business until the time of his death.

Mrs. Margaret Curtis Roberts, wife of President B. H. Roberts of the Eastern States mission, passed away in New York, Saturday morning, March 13, 1926, at 6:30. Mrs. Roberts was the daughter of the late Theodore Curtis, Utah Pioneer, and was born about 75 years ago. When a young woman she was graduated from the Women's Medical college of Pennsylvania in 1887 and for upwards of 35 years she practiced medicine in Salt Lake. She will also be remembered as teacher of the Relief Society class of nurses and as a Church worker in many other capacities. For many years she was a member of the general board of the Y. L. M. I. A.

On receipt of the sad and unexpected news, President Heber J. Grant immediately wired a message of condolence.

Mrs. Roberts was the mother of nine children. Surviving are only one daughter, Mrs. Joseph W. Neville, 36 S Street; one brother, Theodore W. Curtis, literary man of Boston, Mass., and a sister, Mrs. Ellis Shipp of Salt Lake. Mrs. Roberts attended the West Pennsylvania conference in Pittsburgh on Sunday, March 7, and spoke to more than 60 women, at the 1:30 p. m. session, delivering a valuable message on the duties of women, and their problems. Of this we are informed by Harold G. Clark, president of the conference. The funeral services were held in the 18th ward chapel, Salt Lake City, March 17, Bishop Thomas A. Clawson presiding. The speakers, President Heber J. Grant, George Albert Smith, Orson F. Whitney and Rulon S. Wells, paid eloquent and sympathetic tribute of love and respect to the departed sister, and spoke tender words of condolence to the bereft husband and the mourning friends. President Charles W. Nibley, President Rudger Clawson, and Elder Richard R. Lyman were among those present. A quartet composed of Margaret S. Hewlett, Pearl K. Davis, Hyrum J. Christensen and Professor A. C. Lund furnished sweet music. Elder J. Golden Kimball offered the invocation. Professor Willard Weihe rendered a violin solo. Elder Levi Edgar Young pronounced the benediction, and the grave was dedicated by Elder Charles H. Hart.

The Council of the League of Nations met at Geneva, in extra session, March 8, for the special purpose of considering the application of Germany for membership in the League. It turned out, however, that the representatives of Brazil, Spain, and Poland came instructed to demand for their respective countries permanent representation in the Council of the League, and that other delegates were opposed to these claims. This clash of interests and the temporary absence of M. Briand, on account of the cabinet crisis in France, caused the meeting to adjourn and give the sub-committees an opportunity to try to find a way to harmony and unity. On March 13, it was decided to refer the entire question of Germany's admission to the League to the Assembly, which convenes on March 16, it having been impossible to reach an agreement.

The Assembly of the League of Nations adjourned on March 7, 1926, without having passed on the application of Germany for membership in the League. The program, as agreed on at Locarno, Oct. 19, 1925, was not carried out, owing to the stubborn refusal of the Brazilian delegate to vote for Germany, unless Brazil, too, be given a permanent seat on the Council. No one believes that the Brazilian delegate was anything but a pawn on the chess board, but whose was the invisible hand that moved him, for the evident purpose of wrecking the League? That is the important question. The application of Germany for admission will be taken up again in September, if nothing happens to prevent it. The Council, in the mean time, will, through a commission consisting of delegates from the countries represented in the Council, and from Germany, Argentina, Poland, China and Switzerland, study the question of the reconstruction of the Council.

We are pleased in sending our sincerest regards to all in Zion. We wish the *Era* added success. It is indeed a source of encouragement, help, and inspiration to us.—*Elder J. Leland Anderson, Trondhjem, Norway.*

* * *

I am always pleased to express appreciation of the *Era*. I feel toward it, as I would feel toward a dear friend of many years acquaintance. But in many ways it is more than a dear friend, for it has inspiration for every need and mood.—*Andrew M. Anderson, principal L. D. S. Seminary, Cedar City, Utah.*

* * *

Leslie D. Burbidge, president of the Waikato Conference, New Zealand, says: "We appreciate the instructions received in the *Era*, and enjoy reading the experiences of our fellow-laborers in other lands. We extend best wishes for the future success of the *Era*."

* * *

I feel that you are entitled to hearty congratulations for the splendid publication you are putting out for the Church. It is really the best piece of literature we have, without a single exception, and a bound volume of the *Era* is surely a valuable acquisition to any library.—*James H. Wallis, Executive Secretary Utah Public Health Association.*

IMPROVEMENT ERA, APRIL, 1926

Two Dollars per Annum

Entered at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, as second class matter

Heber J. Grant,	} Editors	Melvin J. Ballard, Business Mgr.
Edward H. Anderson.		Moroni Snow, Assistant.

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on July 2, 1918

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Humorous Hints

(Contributions for this page of the *Era* solicited.)

(The *Improvement Era* offers 50c for each of the three best items suitable for this column of the magazine each month. Contributions are solicited. Submitted original items, if not used, will be returned.)

* * *

Our absent minded professor put the clock in bed, and wound himself up.

* * *

'Tis a Sad World—

"Hurrah! I sold a story."

"How much did you make?"

"Nothing. They gave me \$50, but it cost me that much in stamps to make it."

* * *

"And so you write free verse."

"Yes, I've never got paid for any yet."—*Perrins.*

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"Yes. I said she rode a horse like a prince."

"A Wales of a joke."—Perrins.

* * *

State of Matrimony—

"Is Sadie making John a good wife?"

"Well, I dunno, but she's making him a good husband."—A. Henderson.

* * *

Only he can be trusted with gifts who can present a face of bronze to expectations.

—H. D. Thoreau, *The Atlantic Monthly*.



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A Colored Story—

Rastus: "Why is it dat a black cow give white milk what makes yellow buttah?"

Sambo: "Dat's easy; for de same reason dat blackberries are red when dey is green."

* * *

A certain reverend gentleman was going down a deep mine, *via* the ladder. He noticed the temperature grew warmer as he descended. He remarked to the foreman, who was following him:

"How far do you think it is to the infernal regions?"

"I don't exactly know," replied the miner, "but if you let go your hold on the ladder, you'll be there in about two minutes."—J. O. F.

* * *

He was such a small boy, even his breath came in short pants.—Perrins.

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Another Match—

On the death of his first wife, says the Boston *Herald*, a literary celebrity of Massachusetts put up an elaborate memorial to her on which was inscribed the sentiment, "The Light of my Life has gone out."

The late Bishop Wilmer of Alabama pointed out the memorial to a friend, who read the words, and then asked:

"But he married again, didn't he?"

"Yes," replied the bishop, "he did. You see, he struck another match."

* * *

The Ghost and the Meat—

We have all heard of the French schoolboy who, asked to translate into English the French of "To be or not to be," evolved this: "To was or not to am."

Another schoolboy has equaled this translation, according to the London *Chronicle*, in recovering from German the text, "The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak," in the form, "The ghost, of course, is ready, but the meat is feeble."

—*Youth's Companion*.

THERE IS NO TOP

No man or woman ever reaches his limits of progress, though many stagnate for want of effort. Are you in a rut? Are you standing by while the world moves forward. Wake yourself. Get into day school or evening school and do some regular study. Make ready for opportunity.

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